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Maids and A Man



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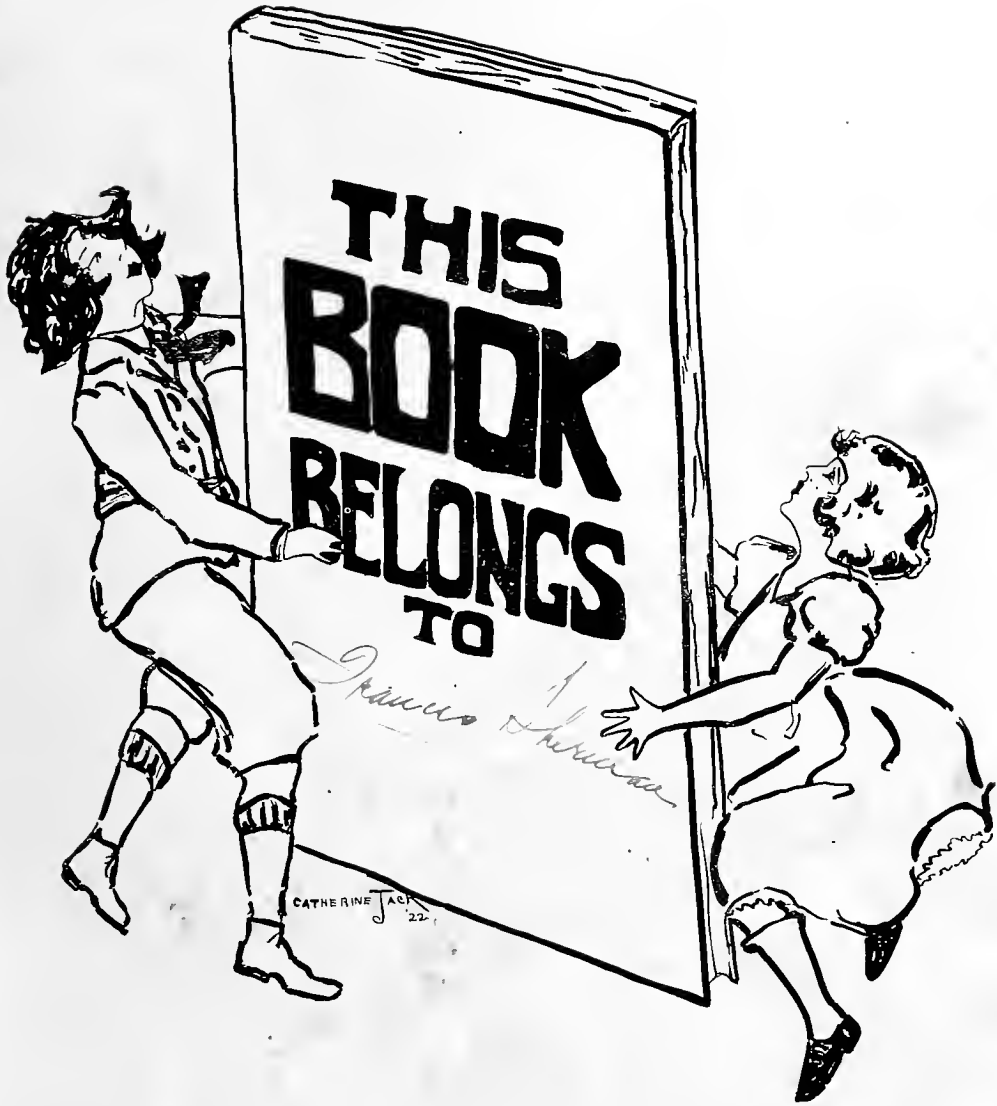
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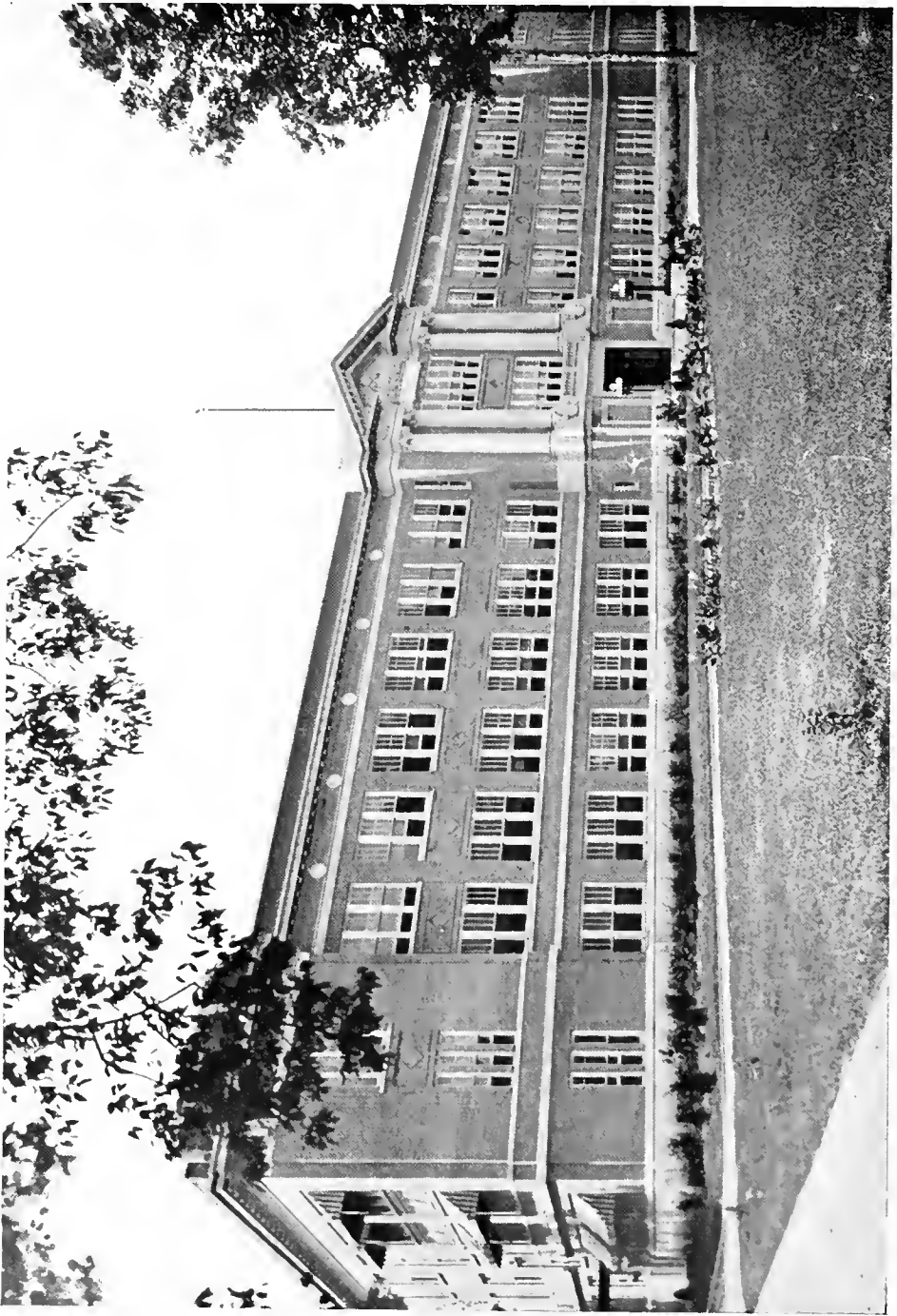
Augusta College

Augusta, Georgia





CATHERINE JACKSON '22



Volume Three

Maids and A Man



1922

Published by
Students of Tubman High School
Augusta, Georgia

Handwritten: J. S. ...

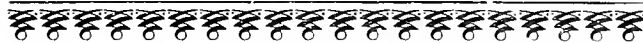


TO

Julia A. Flishch

One who was always been an inspiration to us and a friend in all that we have undertaken to do. Her beautiful ideals, love of truth, and wisdom, will ever remain dear in our memories. To her with love we the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Two do dedicate this volume of

“Maids and A Man”





ANNUAL STAFFS

Seated, left to right — Edna Ager, *Athletic Editor*; Sarah B. Simmons, *Photograph Editor*; Eleanor Walton, *Literary Editor*; Dessie Kunkle, *Editor-in-Chief*; Anna E. Branch, *Business Manager*; Florence White, *Art Editor*.
 Standing — Helen Probyn, *Asst. Athletic Editor*; Janette Gibbs, *Asst. Photograph Editor*; Grace Fetheridge, *Asst. Art Editor*; Grace Strauss, *Asst. Literary Editor*; Annabel Powell, *Asst. Business Manager*; Florence Lester, *Asst. Editor-in-Chief*.

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the staff, have endeavored in this Annual to present the various acts and scenes of the "Drama of School Life" with the true cast of characters. There are major actors and minor actors in this play: some of us monopolize the stage while others must be content with merely being extras. We have tried to give each her proper place and importance, but what can be perfect? Realizing many deficiencies and defects of the third volume of "MAIDS AND A MAN," the Editors present to your not unkind criticism, we hope, the result of many hours of arduous labor, begging you to recall the words of the famous poet who said:

"The readers get the pleasure,
The writers get the fame,
The printers get the money,
But the staff—it gets the blame."

—THE STAFF OF 1922.



Faculty

—o—

1. MRS. MARGARET H. HURST *History and English*
2. MISS HELEN E. FRANK *English*
- ✓ 3. MISS MARY B. McCANTS *Mathematics*
4. MISS ELOISE McBETH *Applied Art*
- × 5. MISS MARY E. HAMILTON *Latin*
6. MISS VIRGINIA VIDETTO *Domestic Science*
7. MISS MILDRED ABERNATHY *Mathematics*
8. MRS. W. C. EMERSON *Physics and General Science*
9. MISS FURLOW HOLLINGSWORTH *Commercial Subjects*
10. MISS OLIVIA RUSSELL *Spanish and French*
11. MISS LORA M. PEARCE *English*
- × 12. MISS GERTRUDE J. COMEY *English*
13. MRS. LILLIAN GREEN *History and Civics*
14. MISS WILLAMETTE GREEN *Mathematics*
15. MISS ANNA H. WARD *Com. Geog. and Physiology*
16. MISS MAGARET E. BAKER *History*
- × 17. MISS LOUISE PARKS *English*
- × 18. MISS ADA G. WOODS *English*
- × 19. MISS PAULINE HOLLEY *Mathematics*
20. T. H. GARRETT *Principal*
- × 21. MISS GLADYS M. BRISCOE *Physical Training*
22. MISS LOIS EVE *Civics and General Science*
- × 23. MISS ANNIE M. PAGE *French*
24. MRS. STANNARD OWENS *Librarian*
- × 25. MISS FRANCES L. WEST *Chemistry and Biology*
- × 26. MISS MARCIA A. CLARK *Domestic Arts*
- × 27. MISS A. DOROTHY HAINS *Latin*
- × 28. MISS JULIA A. FLISCH *History and Economics*

Senior Faculty Song

(With Apologies to Kipling)

—o—

We've taken our fun where we've found it
 And now we must bid you good-bye.
 Tho' we laugh on one side of our faces,
 On the other we heave a great sigh.
 Under class men will ever be with us,
 The "buzz" that goes on in the hall—!
 But you Juniors beware! for the Faculty's there—
 Each item of note we recall.

Miss Comey, still in a great hurry,
 Ever watching and waiting alert.
 Miss Woods, who moves slower, but surer,
 Her password is "amuse and divert."
 Miss Flisch, with her own "Bless Milandy,"
 When anyone dares say "ahem."
 They have worked with a will to help our brains fill,
 And we've learned about Tubman from them.

Mrs. Emerson teaches us physics,
 She's said to be easy, not hard.
 Miss Hollingsworth, youthful and pretty,
 Likes to dictate by the yard.
 Miss West, dissects bugs, frogs and fishes
 With an unconcerned air, if you please;
 So they've helped us to see everything as it "be,"
 And we've learned about Tubman from these.

Triangles, squares, lines and circles
 Are naught to Miss Holley, it seems.
 "Que voulez-vous faire ce matin?"
 Is one of Miss Page's known themes.
 Now, Miss Briscoe's great charms would take volumes,
 Her "crushes" out number her foes.
 And we know from her song, that all men aren't wrong,
 So we've learned about Tubman from these.

Miss Greene, tho' not slender and nymph-like,
 Solves geometry questions with speed.
 Miss Dora's hobby is Latin,
 She eats up translation with greed.
 But one word is due Mr. Garrett,
 We esleem and admire his "vim";
 He has shown us the way to gain knowledge each day,
 And we've learned about Tubman from him.

We've taken our fun where we've found it,
 And now we're relating the tale.
 We could tell things that would make you shudder
 And tremble, and grow thin and pale.
 But we hope you've not tired listening
 To these things we take time to discuss,
 So take heed, one and all, lest you stumble and fall,
 And learn about Tubman from us.

—MELVILLE DOUGHTY.



Senior Poem

—o—

We have wandered thru forests of brambles,
Thru flowering, shady fields,
Thru sunshine and rain, with loss and with gain;
We know what the end reveals.

We've found trees of knowledge and friendship,
Where little birds sing day by day.
Thru right and thru wrong, we've found many a thorn
That pricked and obstructed our way.

'Till at last we have reached a fair garden
Where bloom flowers bright, of all hue;
Where perfumes alone and the bees' soft drone
Fill one with joy thru and thru.

The woodland of brambles and flowers,
Is Tubman, more dear to us now.
Of sunshine and rain, of loss and of gain
We've all had our share somehow.

And the trees of knowledge and friendship
Are our teachers and comrades true.
Each pricking thorn, the right and the wrong,
They've helped us to conquer, too.

And last, but not least, the fair garden
Is our Graduation Day;
So we bid you good-bye, with a tear and a sigh,
May God bless you in every way!

—MELVILLE B. DOUGHTY.

Senior Class

—o—

Colors—Green and White

Flower—White Rose

Motto—B²

ROSABEL BURCH ✓

"A loving heart is the beginning of knowledge."

President of Class, '22, '21; Varsity Team B. B., '22; Class Team B. B., '22, '19.

ANNIE B. DANIEL λ

"Her smile is sweetened by her gravity."

Class Team B. B., '19, '20, '21, '22; Vice-President of Class, '22; Asst. Business Mgr., '21; Hockey Team, '20, '21; Class President, '20; Sec. Athletic Association, '20.

LUCY WATKINS

*"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed, and danc'd and talked, and
sung."*

Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class;
Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class.





LOUISE ADAMS

"From her lips dropped gentle words."

EDNA AGEE

"High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Athletic Editor of the Annual; Senior Representative on Athletic Council; Carsity, '22, '20; Class Teams, '22, '21, '20, '19; President Junior-Senior Y. W. C. A. Club; Hockey Team, '21.

MARGARET BLITCHINGTON

*"Think naught a trifle though it small appear,
Small sands make the mountains, days
the year."*

Class Team B. B., '22.

ESTIER BOGOSLAWSKY

"If we should encounter a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read."

AGNES BOHLER

*"I built my soul a lordly pleasure house
wherein at ease for aye to dwell."*

ANNA ELIZABETH BRANCH ✕

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy
toil o'er books consumed the midnight
oil?"*

Business Mgr. Annual, '22; Vice-Presi-
dent of Class, '21, '20; Class Team B. B.,
'21, '20, '19; Second Varsity, '20; Hockey
Team, '21, '20.

DOROTH. BREDEBERG ✓

*"Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true."*

HELEN BRENNER ✓

*"She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never
loud."*





MYRTIS BROWN

*"She loves art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A."*

THELMA CANNON

"And for our country, 'Tis bliss to die."

ELIZABETH CARRERE ^

*"One EAR it heard; at the OTHER
out it went."*

ALBERTA CASPARY

*"T'was blow for blow, disputing inch by
inch,
For one would not retreat, nor t'other
flinch."*

Varsity, '22; Class Teams B. B., '22,
'21; Class Teams Hockey, '21, '20.

MYRTLE CHURCHILL ✓

"Silence is golden."

ELLA CLARKE ✓

*"Of all her parts her eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."*

RUTH COOPER ✚

*"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly
upward."*

ELOISE DAVIDSON ✓

"As merry as the day is long."





EDNA DAVIS

*"Put your trust in your mirror and
keep your powder dry."*

MELVILLE DOUGHTY

"Whose words all ears took captive."

President Athletic Association, '22;
Class Team Hockey, '20.

ELINOR ELLIOTT

*"They are only truly great who are
truly good."*

MILDRED GARDNER

*"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a
brow
Bright with intelligence and fair and
smooth."*

Vice-President Titian Club, '22; Vice-
President Athletic Association, '21; Class
Secretary and Treasurer, '20.

BESSIE BELLE GILCHRIST λ

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

CAROLYN GILCHRIST λ

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

KATHLEEN GILCHRIST λ

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

IRENE GRUSIN \checkmark

"Learning by study must be won."





PAULINE HARDIN

"All (men) are dumb when beauty pleadeth."

Class Team B. B., '22.

JOSIE HALL

"A hard beginning makes a good ending."

BLANCHE HARRISON

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

MARY HENRY

"To friends a friend, how kind to all."

EDNA HUTCHINSON √

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom."

Asst. Literary Editor, '21.

MATTIE INGLETT √

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

MILDRED JENNINGS ×

*"Two souls with but a single thought;
Two hearts that beat as one."*

CLIFFORD KELLY ×

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

Class Team B. B., '22.





RUTH KITCHEN

"A face with gladness overspread,"
Class Team B. B., '22.

DESSIE KUHLE

"Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shine so clear."

Editor-in-Chief of Annual, '22; President of Honor League, '22; Asst. Editor-in-chief of Annual, '21; Secretary of Honor League, '21.

ELEANOR LANHAM <

"Oh! Why should life all labor be? Let me alone."

Class Teams B. B., '22, '20, '19; Secretary-Treasurer Glee Club, '21.

ESTHER LITCHENSTEIN

"Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches."

INEZ LYON ✓

*Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoic'd in a pun."*

ELIZABETH MARSH ✓

"True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS

"A peasing countenance is no slight advantage."

FRANCES MATTHEWS ✓

*"And yet believe me good as well as ill;
Woman's at best a contradiction still."*





VERA MCGOWAN

"O, I'm stab'd zeith laughter."

Varsity, '22, '21; Class Teams B. B., '22, '21, '20; Asst. Athletic Editor, Annual Staff '21; Hecy Team, '20.

DOROTHY MERRY

"Oh, to dance all night and dress all day."

RUTH MILLER

"My heart is ever at your service."

JOSIE MILLIGAN

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

ELIZABETH MOBLEY ✕

"The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity."

Class Team B. B., '22, '21; Class Hockey Team, '21.

AMELIA MOHRMANN

*"When one (exam) is past, another care we have,
Thus woe succeeds a woe as a wave a wave."*

Class Representative Honor Council, '21.

LILA MORRIS ~

"Wedding is destiny and hanging is likewise."

BESSIE MOYE ~

"Still waters run deep."





EVELINA MULCAY <

"Gently to hear, kindly to judge."

Class Team Hockey, '21; Class Team
B. B., '19.

NONIE MULLINS

*"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
As sweet as Tubman's air could make
her."*

Class Representative Honor Council,
'22, '21.

MILDRED O'NEAL

"Life is not life at all without delight."

MONTINE PARDUE ~

"The all-enclosing freehold of content."

ELEANOR PATCH

"Of manners gentle, of disposition mild."

COMER PHILLIPS ✓

"I loaf and invite my soul."

FELICIA RANSEY ✓

"Life is too short for mean anxieties."

CHARLIE MAE SCATTERGOOD

"And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet."





MARGUERITE SCOTT

*"Let the world slide; let the world go;
A fig of care and a fig for woe."*

Class Teams B. B., '22, '21, '20; Hockey Team, '20.

SAPHRONIA SCOTT

*"I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise."*

FRANCES SHERMAN

*"Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her eyes."*

Class Team B. B., '22, '19; Class Team Hockey, '20.

JOSEPHINE SIBLEY

*"Let gentleness my strong enforce-
ment be."*

SARAH B. SIMMONS

*"As the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye."*

Photo Mgr. Annual, '22; Asst. Photo
Mgr. Annual, '21.

LILLIAN SKINNER

*"All her faults observed; set in a note
book, learned and conned by rote."*

AVICE SMITH

*"Two friends, two bodies, with one soul
inspired."*

HELEN SMITH

"Make haste, thy better foot before."





LUCILLE STEINBERG

*"Tis not what man Does which exalts
him, but what man would do."*

ETHEL STONE ^

*"Thought is the wind, knowledge the
sail, and mankind the vessel."*

MARTHA STORY

*"Be silent and safe, silence never be-
trays you."*

VIRGINIA STURMAN ^

"Study to be quiet."

KATHRYN TWIGGS A

"Do not delay, do not delay; the golden moments fly!"

ELISE VAN PELT V

"Age cannot wither her, nor customs stale, her infinite variety."

DORA VLACHOS

"To Greece we give our shimmering blades."

ELEANOR WALTON A

"None but herself could be her parallel."

Literary Editor Annual, '22; Varsity Team B. B., '22; Class Team B. B., '22, '21, '20.





LORETTA WATSON 人

*'Care to my coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every smile draws one out.'*

Class Team B. B., '22; Class Team Hockey, '20; Class President, '19.

DOROTHY WHEELER ^

*"Yet taught by time my heart has learned
to glow
For other's good, and melt at other's
woe."*

FLORENCE WHITE

*"The deed I intend is great; but what,
as yet, I know not."*

Art Editor of Annual Staff, '22; Asst. Art Editor of Annual Staff, '21; Class Team B. B., '22.

MAUELLE WREN

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."

Class Team B. B., '20; Class Team Hockey, '20.

Senior Class History

—o—

TO write the history of the class of 1922 is no small undertaking. To accord to each the proper amount of respect, honor, and glory due to the members of this illustrious class, and at the same time, to maintain our reputation for a modest, unassuming, and retiring nature, is indeed an Herculean task. Desiring to do this at any cost, however, we shall note briefly only a few of the most important accomplishments of the past years.

September, 1918, saw the beginning of our career at Tubman. One hundred and sixteen strong, and, realizing the enormity of our ignorance and the stupendousness of the tasks before us, we banded together with the fixed determination to overcome every probable obstacle and to win every possible laurel. We found that by sticking together, it was much easier to endure the peculiar humiliations incident to a Freshman's life; and that, by practicing on each other, it was possible to achieve that exceeding blasé manner characteristic of every Sophomore, and coveted by every Freshman. Thus prepared with this "whole armor" we took the school by storm, allowing no line of activity to escape us. We entered into athletics with a mighty zeal. Our teams displayed wonderful skill, but, as fate would have it, we failed to win a single game of basket ball or hockey! As one means of drowning our grief over this dreadful misfortune we came forth in all our glory in the never-to-be-forgotten Victory Parade. This was the first occasion on which our class had appeared in public as a real part of the school.

Of course every truly great organization has its "ups and downs," and the class of '22 has been no exception. We were victims of the "flu" epidemic that year suffering acute anguish of spirit because, on this account, school had to be discontinued at two different times, and, for the first time in our history, we had the painful experience of going to school on Saturday. Another misfortune of our first year at Tubman was the appearance of a new Latin teacher at regular intervals of every two months.

In order to cope with our new dignity and elevation of mind, we were transferred to the second floor at the beginning of our Sophomore year. During this year a number of significant changes took place within the sphere of Tubman. For the first time in many years we competed with other schools in athletics and we, the Sophomores, were thoroughly confident that it was due to the work of our representatives on the basket ball team that some of the games were such overwhelming victories. The Athletic Association was also organized that year, as well as the Honor League, both of which are student organizations. The Glee Club put on a very successful operetta, "Miss Cherry-

blossom," in which a number of the talented Sophomores starred as chorus girls. And last, it was also in this eventful year that the first edition of "MAIDS AND A MAN" was published, which, altho' it was under the supervision of the Senior Class, was contributed to by several of the Sophomores.

The fall of 1920 saw a smaller but wiser looking "bunch" of girls back at school. What we lacked in members, however, was made up for by the achievements of those who were here. Greetings were exchanged, old times talked of, and it was not long before we were again hard at work. And truly it was work! With the spirit of the task masters of old, our teachers drove us on and on, relentlessly demanding that we search more diligently for the ethereal phantom, Knowledge. In spite of this, however, we managed to find time to put on an operetta, "The Gypsy Rover," for the purpose of raising funds for the memorable Senior banquet. Both of these events will long linger in our memories as two of the happiest affairs of our high school days. Thus, another year passed.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-two has at last arrived and with it has come our last year at Tubman. We are now Seniors. What a step it has been from '18 to '22! But we have stepped it safely, and the reward is not far off. Long and tiresome has been the race, but the goal is at least in sight, and the much coveted and once far-off diploma is almost within our grasp. Our ranks are greatly diminished, for one reason and another. Some of our early classmates have entered into the sacred bands of matrimony, others have "flunked," and others have departed for realms—we know not where. But in spite of this, our number is now seventy-seven and we have the honor of being the largest graduating class Tubman has ever produced. The responsibilities of the Senior Class have rested lightly, but safely, on our shoulders. We have at last proved our merit in athletics by winning the school championship in basket ball; and several members of the erstwhile Varsity team, now the Eureka's, have come from the Senior Class.

Such is our past and present. The future confronts us. We have no intellectual giants in our class, few gifted writers or born poets; far fewer still are our scientists or mathematicians. What we have learned has cost, in many cases, considerable effort and much hard study; yet, as we leave Tubman, we should not like to convey the impression that all our time has been labor, for we now look back, and will, in the years to come, upon the many good times, and happy days that we have spent together at Tubman.

—CLIFFORD KELLY.

Class Prophecy

—o—

JUNE 1, 1932, was the most important date in Tubman's history since that memorable day on which a young man visited Tubman. The stage was in gala dress, a wilderness of ferns and palms, and Marguerite Scott, who succeeded Emma, was hurrying around trying to adjust the lights. Yes, it was the "Experience Banquet" of the Seniors of 1922. Florence White, Paris' leading artist, had arrived in time to decorate the table, which was a dream of loveliness. It really seemed like old times. Some of the girls didn't appear a day older than on the night we graduated, especially Sara B. Simmons and Mildred Gardner. Kathryn Twiggs, too, had preserved her youthful looks so well that we all pounced on her for the formula of the compound. But will you believe me when I tell you that Maudelle Wren and Annie B. Daniel have acquired grey hair? In fact Annie B's is almost as pretty as Miss Flisch's. However, it has been rumored that it changed prematurely on account of a terrible disappointment in _____

We were extremely sorry when we heard the chairman of the invitation committee read the notes of regret from Dorothy Merry, Ethel Stone, Anna Elizabeth Branch, and Carolyn Gilchrist.

It was impossible for "Dot" to be with us since she will not sail from Leipzig, Germany, where she is studying piano, until November.

Ethel has just married, and is on her honeymoon. Kathleen Gilchrist reported that Ethel's husband is an oil king who has just returned, according to a promise made eight years ago, to claim his bride when he should have made his fortune.

A chautauqua of national fame boasts one of our 1922 graduates. The fine old girl we knew as Anna Elizabeth Branch, charms large audiences by singing and playing, while her husband accompanies her with the violin. Anna Elizabeth states that she was disappointed not to be able to come since this is their busiest season.

It was impossible for Carolyn to get a leave of absence just at present. It is generally understood that Johns-Hopkins is very fortunate in having her on its permanent staff of nurses. After she graduated, one of the doctors, for rather personal reasons, persuaded her to stay.

Since this was a banquet, Inez Lyon was on hand to partake of the substantials as well as to be the first to relate her experience, as she used to start everything in classes.

As Inez rose, she looked quite as nifty in her becoming gown as she always looked at Tubman. There is a special reason for her looking so stylish. She has chosen as her calling that of modiste and is the successful proprietor of a shop in the most fashionable shopping district of New York.

Mildren Jennings, who came next, also lives in New York. She has pursued the same line of work that she began when a Tubman Senior, that is, reform work among the needy classes. Inez added that Mildred has worked a wonderful change in the conditions.

Clifford—no longer Kelly—is assisting Kathryn Twiggs in her social reform work in Augusta. No wonder there has been such a revolution in this line of work since Kathryn is devoting her entire time to it, while half of Clifford's time is claimed by someone else.

"Well," said Kathleen Gilchrist, "I have been teaching for seven years, and I love the work so much that I intend to continue." Someone whispered that the reason is that she's in a co-ed high school.

We learned that Josie Hall is known and loved by the kindergarten classes all over the country through her nursery and kindergarten songs. She jingles quaint little rhymes and sets them to music of her own composition.

Evelina Mulcay is Augusta's, and even Georgia's, leading spirit for the political advancement of women. Her frequent practice in Miss Woods' classes and in Christian Endeavor developed her splendid ability to lecture as she does.

They say that Bessie Belle Gilchrist as a florist, has put all competitors in Augusta entirely out of business. She gets large orders from the surrounding towns, and even from *Atlanta*.

Blanche Harrison is still at Tubman. Don't think, however, that she had to stay there, because it's no longer a deep, dark secret that she jilted the young man who was so anxious for her to help him "build a sweet little nest somewhere in the West." She just prefers to teach.

Mattie Inglett told us that she has turned her extensive study of chemistry and physics to good advantage in scientific farming. "I find the work pleasant and profitable," she said. We all know that she is so famous an authority on farming that she now edits "Common Sense Comment" in *The Augusta Chronicle*.

We learned that basket ball has been made very popular in a large school in Florida by Elizabeth Mobley, the physical director. It was stated by the principal of that school that no other one thing has so raised the standard of the school as has her inviolable rule concerning the scholastic standing of pupils who participate in athletics.

Ruth Miller spoke next. "I've been a teacher for the past six years. However, just at present, I am reaping a great financial benefit from my new book, 'Easy Steps to Latin'."

Augusta is justly proud of the famous lawyer, Loretta Watson. Her practice has become very extensive and since her conscience does not allow her to defend those whom she knows to be guilty of crime, she has taken Eleanor Walton, better known as "Happy," as her assistant, to handle the criminal cases. Thus "Happy" is making good, and it is reported that Loretta is uneasy lest she take all her practice.

We were all glad to know that Elizabeth Carrere is doing well and is a wonderful benefit to humanity. Suffering people come to her from far and wide because she really practices what she has on her shingle, "Painless Dentistry." Probably Elizabeth conceived this idea when she had to visit the dentist so much while a Senior at Tubman.

Pauline Hardin told us that she is now Mrs. ———; oh! I can't recall the name, but he is the same one who was so attentive ten years ago. I should be able to remember that name, for I've seen it quite often in the best magazines since Pauline has turned to short story writing in her spare time.

They say that Ruth Cooper has won fame as a cartoonist. 'Twas rumored she'd made such a fortune in this line that she can truly say that she is single from choice.

And, by the way, if you ever have need of a trained nurse, do not fail to call on Virginia Sturman, if you can get her. They say, though, she has the reputation of being so capable and reliable that it's almost impossible to get her in an emergency.

Helen Smith told us that she had refused three other invitations in preference to the class reunion. She and her private secretary are rushed to death with her social obligations, while her husband complains that at times he almost forgets that his wife lives at home. Although Helen has moved back to Pennsylvania, she loves Augusta so much that she spends her winters at the Bon Air.

We were not so much surprised when Francis Sherman said, "I am still dancing." She has won an international reputation behind the foot-lights, especially in her solo dance, "Tiny Toe Twirl."

Eleanor Lanham is also on the stage, but she holds her audience spell-bound with her voice rather than with her feet. She is considered one of the best pupils ever produced by the New England Conservatory of Music.

It was learned that anything you may want in the line of fancy work can be obtained from the Sibley Art Shop on Broad Street. This is only one of the branches in the chain of stores of which Josephine is proprietor. Her beginning, like that of so many others, was very small—making those lovely collars when we were Tubman Juniors.

The status of movies in general has been almost revolutionized by Annie B. Daniel, an actress, who is worshipped by movie fans. No greater good has been brought to the public than the high moral standard of the pictures which now appear on the screen. Even the preachers are no longer ashamed to be seen at a movie, while Mr. Garrett actually has one at Tubman every week, with no trouble whatever in getting a good one.

Rosabel Burch was the next girl to speak. She is living in Washington now, and although her time is taken up with home and family, she still finds leisure for interest in the affairs going on around her. Do you ever hear of a great movement or nation-wide drive which is being launched without her help? Rosabel has the rare talent of being able to do two things at once and do them both well.

Eloise Davidson is now living in Colorado. About three years ago she married a splendid young man from the West, and went there to make her home. "And, do you know," she told us, "my chief interest has been changed from base ball to my baby. He's just six months old and the chubbiest, dearest, little thing in the world."

Elizabeth Marsh arose next. "There really isn't very much to tell about me," she said. "I've been teaching French at Vassar for the last six years. I'm going to stop teaching in a few months for—," she lowered her voice, "you see, I'm going to France on my honeymoon."

"Well, to begin with," said Maudelle Wren, as she arose, "I'm matron of Lanton Orphanage in Atlanta and I just did succeed in getting here. To be frank with you, this is the first time in four years that I've had a vacation. But I'm so interested in the work that I've no time left to think of myself."

Ruth Kitchen was the next to speak. She told us how, after finishing school, she had become a physical training teacher in a girls' high school out in Montana. The work just suits her, she said, and I'm sure it does, for Ruth was just cut out for that kind of work.

Mildred Gardner, the famous actress, arose next. She is so well known to the public that it is hardly worth while to do more than mention her name, for everyone knows of her wonderful characterizations. Indeed, it has been chiefly through her efforts and her influence that the Shakespearean play has been brought to the American stage.

Saphronia Scott is a trained nurse now, and has been ever since she left Tubman. Saphronia told us that although her work was not easy, she felt a great deal of satisfaction in being of some service in this world.

Myrtis Brown and Martha Story are both in New York. They are running one of the most exclusive hat shops in the country, and the latest creations are always to be seen there.

The celebrated Countess Orinsky (none other than our old friend Felicia Ransey) was the next to speak. She has been living in Russia in the stately old castle of Normsby ever since she was married eight years ago. She and the count were touring America when she was notified of the banquet, and wishing to see once more the scenes of her girlhood, she immediately altered her plans and came directly to Augusta. The countess told in an interesting way of a few of the most important events of her life. She speaks Russian with ease and rapidity, and thinks it much less difficult to acquire than French.

Mary Henry is a little "school marm" now. She teaches the third grade and is quite a success as is testified by her pupils. "We just love Miss Mary," one of the little boys told us enthusiastically the other day. And after all who is a better judge of woman than man?

For the past two years Charlie Mae Scattergood has been lecturing all over the country. This field offers many possibilities to one gifted with colloquial talents, and it gives Charlie Mae a chance to talk to her heart's content.

Sara B. Simmons, the famous sculptress, told us that she had been engaged in this work ever since leaving Tubman, but it was only recently that her work had been deserving of any merit. One of the girls who knows Sara B. better, told us that she is now busy working on a statute of Ex-President Wilson, which is soon to be unveiled.

Margaret Blitchington, the daring aviatrix, came to the banquet from Seattle in her plane, "The Wind." Margaret held the audience spellbound as she told of her many adventures and the narrow escapes she had had.

After leaving Tubman, Eleanor Elliott went on the stage for a few years. Her greatest success was in "Little Pal," but just after the public had discovered her and gone wild over her, she left the stage to become the real "Little Pal" of the man she loved.

Helen Brenner is engaged in research work for the government, and is known as one of the ablest scientists of the day. This work particularly appeals to Helen, for she is able to gratify to a certain extent her natural curiosity in all things.

To those who live in Augusta it is needless to say anything of the "Patchwork" shop on Jackson Street. This is being run by Miss Eleanor Patch. Eleanor's artistic temperament combined with her business ability make this

shop what it is. If you want something dainty and individual, just step around the corner the next time you are shopping, and visit this cozy little place.

Dorothy Bredenberg has—well, not disappointed us, but surprised us, for lo! we expected Dot to be a second Charlie Chaplin. But anyhow I'm sure that all of the antics that she cut up in school were not for nothing, for Dorothy is a missionary to Africa, and surely her powers of persuasion coupled with her comedian antics are enough to convert any cannibal.

Ella Clark lives on a little farm a few miles out of the city, and being busy with several small children, Ella scarcely has time to do more than raise prize chickens for the Fair.

"Girls," said Dessie Kuhlke, as she arose, "I want to tell you in just a few words how my life has been spent since I left Tubman. First, I went to college, and after I graduated, I married, and ever since, I've been bringing up the family."

Josie Milligan spoke next. "I'm still living in Augusta, and I want you to come to see me while you are here. I'm just dying to show you our little bungalow. It has the dearest little flower garden in front, but I musn't tell you for I want you to come and see for yourself."

Irene Grusin runs the most up-to-date beauty parlor in New York, and her own beautiful hair and immaculate person are all the advertising that she needs. But hark a moment! I'm told that as many men go there to be made attractive as women. No wonder Irene enjoys her work so much!

Melville Doughty has made a name for herself as an author. She is also the wife of Senator Hardy of Illinois. Melville was the kind of girl who always accomplished what she set out to do. If she had decided to become president of the United States, the fact that the Constitution does not allow a woman to hold that position would not have stopped her, but would only have added zest to the conquest.

We were all curious to know the fate of Louise Adams (a quiet little girl who never told the class her secrets) especially since we had heard a whisper of a June marriage. We expected to hear an account of this wedding, but were surprised to hear of a marriage in London, two years back. "But," said Florence, "I thought you were to be married when school ended." "I was," said Louise. "You see, I'm giving an account of my second marriage."

Edna Agee—but, I suppose, you know her fate, is gym teacher at Tubman, and has a "rep" for being the best in the country. In fact, Tubman has not lost a game since Edna has been at its head.

Several of us giggled as Agnes Bohler arose, because we wondered how Agnes could paint a true picture of her married life, her good-looking husband, her "love nest" of a bungalow, and the sweet phrases she and her husband exchanged. Once, Agnes had liked "them all," but one had captured her now.

Esther Bogoslowsky was the next to tell of her adventures. Esther's eyes had a dreamy look that we had not noticed at Tubman. She had succeeded Paderewski, had been received at court, and had charmed all with her music; enchanted, we listened to her modest account of her adventures in Europe.

Alberta Caspary, who was now a distinguished-looking young lady, arose and started her story. "Gentlemen of the jury," she began with emphasis. We all laughed, but Alberta did not see the joke. She was Philadelphia's most famous lawyer, and this phrase of address had become a habit.

Just as Alberta finished, a messenger ran in hurriedly with a telegram for "Miss Watkins." Lucy read the telegram which announced that she had been elected mayor, begged us to excuse her as she had to make a speech, and left.

Vera McGowan stood up, leaned on the table, then straightened up, giggled, and began with her usual "Well." Vera had been a life guard at Palm Beach. A very handsome man—so handsome that Wallace Reid and Rudolph Valentino turned green when they looked at him—fell desperately in love with Vera. He was a great chicken executioner, but, somehow, Vera's vampish eyes awed him. Tired of her cruelty, he tried to drown himself, but Vera saved him. When she was bringing him in, he forgot his bashfulness and proposed.

As Vera brought her story to an end, there was a profound silence which was finally broken by a familiar voice, hoarse from running. We looked in the direction of the auditorium where we saw a little girl whose face still bore the signs of make-up that was hurriedly washed off. We recognized Mildred O'Neal. "Sorry I couldn't come sooner, ole dears, but I had to wait till my part of the performance was over. You see I'm end-man in Field's Minstrels. Montine will come later. She has to give a ballet dance in the last act. When she is not on the stage, she is running 'Pardue School of Dancing'."

Suddenly, we noticed that two of our class were absent. What had become of Bessie Moye and Nonie Mullins?

"Oh," said Marguerite, "I know where Nonie is. Nonie started a great career as a grand opera singer. When she played 'Carmen' in Paris, six men fell desparately in love with her, and when she refused to marry them, they committed suicide. Nonie, grieved at being the cause of so much misfortune, decided to leave the world and is now a nun."

"And I've seen Bessie," said Florence, "I saw her in Paris, last winter. Lillian Skinner, my model, was posing for Diana, when we were interrupted by Nichette, my maid, who announced 'A young couple from ze Amerique want to see ze Mlle. Wheecte.' It was Bessie! She and her husband had been honeymooning in Venice. Girls, you ought to see Bessie! Her sentiment makes Agnes' romantic ideas sound like a conference report! I have a crow to pick with Bessie! She raved so much about Venice that Lillian decided to go there and now I've lost my chief model and Diana isn't finished."

Avice Smith—excuse me—I mean Doctor Smith, next told of her thrilling experience. Her book "How to Control the Nerves" has been the sensation of the times, and Avice informed us that she is head of a sanitarium for the nervous. She told Edna Davis, Tubman's shorthand teacher, that if during exams, any of her pupils should become afflicted with extreme nervousness, to advise them to go to Smith Sanitarium. Edna said that she knew of several cases, and that it would not be necessary to wait till examination.

Dora Vlachos told us that she was now president of the Merchant's National Bank. We always did think Dora would make a banker; when the girls wanted a tuna fish sandwich, they always drew on Dora for a nickel.

Lucille Steinberg had a dancing school in New York. One night when she visited a cabaret, she lost her heart to a blonde dancer. She later found out that he was one of her old friends at "Columbia." They married and are the modern "Harlequin and Columbine" of the hippodrome.

Else Van Pelt started out to be a sculptor, but lost her heart to a missionary to Hindustan. Else does not waste her great artistic talent; she now employs it to design dresses for the "poor benighted Hindoos."

Lila Morris had been a trained nurse. A certain young medical student, who had "fallen" for Lila when she was at Tubman, had finished his course. They now had two "dips" apiece; so she decided there was nothing to prevent their marrying.

Thelma Cannon had married a young naval officer. Bookkeeping shorthand, tests, and such annoyances were only memories now.

Dorothy Wheeler was still at it. She is bookkeeper for the largest firm in Augusta, but she said it is much easier than it was at school; she has had so much practice.

Amelia Mohrman was still the same little heart-breaker. Her number of victims in the last ten years had been estimated at about 999,999,000.

Marguerite Scott was not going to sign for another year at Tubman, for she had won the championship in pitching, and had signed up with the "Tigers."

Esther Lichtenstein had been a trained nurse at a hospital in Augusta, but had been discharged on the grounds that all patients had to undergo a second operation for broken stitches caused by too loud laughing which Esther's jokes brought forth.

As for Elizabeth Mathews, "wonders will never cease," for Elizabeth is a chemistry teacher, and the experience that she got at Tubman has, no doubt, gone far toward making her an expert instructor.

As many of the music lovers of this country have been charmed by the music of Myrtle Churchill, it will be of interest to them to know that this talented young woman is a graduate of the class of 1922.

After washing dishes for nine years, Comer Phillips made a fortune which she has spent on permanent waves. Now she can step forth in the "rainyest" kind of weather.

Frances Matthews is the author of the famous treatise on "How to Conquer Forgetfulness." In this, she advises students who suffer from a deficiency of brains, to order two sets of school books. In this way they may obtain a discount, and after the first book has strayed, there is the duplicate to rely upon!

Edna Hutchinson, last and least of the class, is a confirmed old maid with no possible hope of being otherwise. She still has day dreams, draws house plans, and imagines that she will some day be a greater architect.

Of this class of seventy-eight girls, there's not one who hasn't done something in her small way to push the world and civilization onward. There are those who still aspire some day to become president of the United States, or Mr. Garrett's successor, or housekeeper for some lonely and wealthy old bachelor, or traffic cop at Broad and Eighth. But for the time, we laid aside our aspirations and the relating of our achievements to conclude the glorious reunion by joining in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

—EDNA HUTCHINSON.

—FRANCES MATTHEWS.

—COMER PHILLIPS.

Last Will and Testament

—o—

MARY GIBSON HENRY

WE, the Class of 1922, having acquired much useless knowledge and being in possession of many qualities which we think are not desirable to retain after our graduation from this notable institution, and being *non compos mentis* and indisposed to give away anything worth while, bequeath to the persons hereinafter named the following items:

1. To Doris Speth, Josie Hall leaves her keen sense of humor, hoping Doris will now be able to appreciate jokes which any of her teachers or classmates are able to originate.
2. To Cecelia Baker, Eleanor Walton leaves her power of argumentation.
3. To Edna Taliaferro, Elizabeth Carrere wills her unused excuses, hoping the aforementioned person will not have to work overtime preparing new ones.
4. To Hazel Leary, Frances Matthews leaves her ability to ask foolish questions and, thereby, take all the teacher's time.
5. To Elma Keener, Bessie Belle Gilchrist leaves her always audible voice so that the said legatee will not waste time and breath by having to repeat.
6. To Florence Lester, Mildred Gardner leaves her brilliancy in the classroom, especially on cloudy days.
7. To Bessie Rosanblatt, Marguerite Scott wills her "permanent" wave.
8. To Sarah Wyly, Comer Phillips leaves her beautiful penmanship.
9. To Henrietta Dunn, Lucile Steinberg leaves her ability as an orator.
10. To Grace Strauss, Margaret Blichington leaves her height, hoping the elongation will not detract from her Grace.
11. To Helen MacMurphy, Dorothy Bredenbergh leaves her two "pig-tails" which she has kept for many years, and now, as she completes her course, wishes to dispose of.
12. To Louise Dicks, Elizabeth Marsh gives her seat in the auditorium, hoping it will be well cared for and used for many years to come.
13. To any Junior who is in need of them, Helen Smith leaves the words, "I forgot to study."
14. To Miss Hains, the Senior Class leaves one perfect translation of "D'oooges' Latin for Beginners," to assist her in correcting exercises written by Freshmen.

15. To Miss Flisch, the Physics Class bequeaths a new classroom, where no sudden sounds nor disconcerting noises will be heard.

16. To Miss Hamilton, the Senior Class gives one stick of peppermint candy, twelve inches in length and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, to be used for lunch when her supply of pencils is exhausted.

17. To Miss Page, Senior A bequeaths their French pronunciation, which she in turn will bestow on any class that she deems worthy of such a gift.

18. To Miss Comey, we leave one year's supply of "Secretary's Reports," guaranteed to be worded alike in every respect.

19. To Miss Briscoe, Josie Milligan leaves her sweater, so that Miss Briscoe will have a different sweater for every day of the month instead of only twenty-nine.

(Signed) SENIOR CLASS OF NINETEEN-TWENTY-TWO.

Witnesses:

CHARLIE MAE SCATTERGOOD.

ELINOR ELLIOTT.

ANNIE B. DANIEL.

To A. R. C.

—o—

Hail to the Academy, strong and bold,
The stalwart youths that thrill our soul.
Hail to the boys who the cigarettes scorn
Like the famous George Washington born.

Hail to the boys who never swear,
Whose code of morals is fair and square,
Who are up at six and in by nine,
And as for school they're always on time.

Hail to the football above reproach,
Hail to the boys who love their coach,
The boys whose spirit makes them win,
Who always meet you with a grin.

Hail to the boys so full of "pep,"
They always, always march in step.
Who to break their word would never stoop,
Even though it brought them a Ford "coupe."

Hail to the Glee Club and Jasper fair,
They are the best, so fine, so rare,
When on their trip to Langley swell,
They turned out school and rang the bell.

Hail, all hail to the Academy,
To you fine boys we sing.

—ELEANOR LANHAM, '22.



TUBMAN'S HERO

Farewell to Seniors

—o—

The doors of Tubman stand ajar—
“What for?” “Home,” one may say;
“The Seniors are going to leave us,
’Tis Graduation Day!”

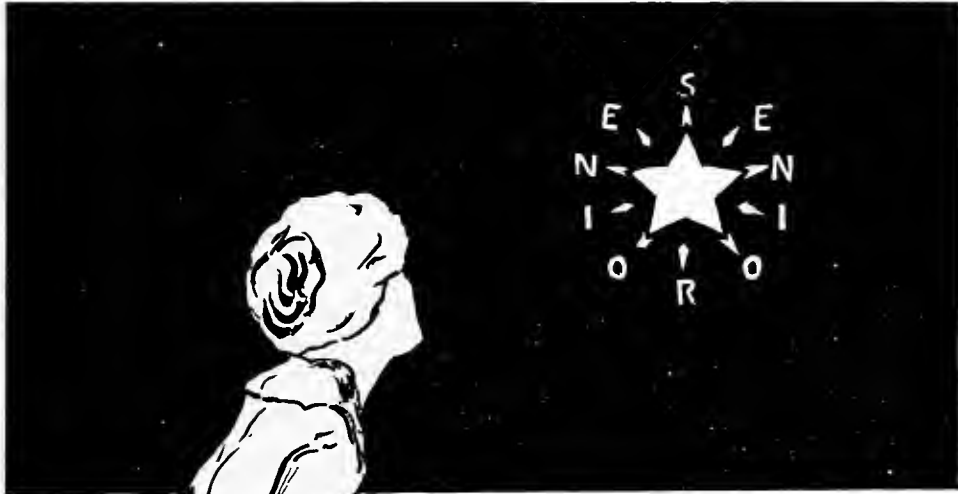
At last, fair Seniors, you’ve run your mile,
Your goal is ’most in view—
But struggle on to fame and glory,
Show the world what you can do.

Now the girls who bear the burden
Brighten up as they see you,
For they know that you will help them,
And your duty you will do.

And, although the world awaits you,
Holding forth its treasures fair,
Teach it what you’ve learned at Tubman,
Show it how to do and dare.

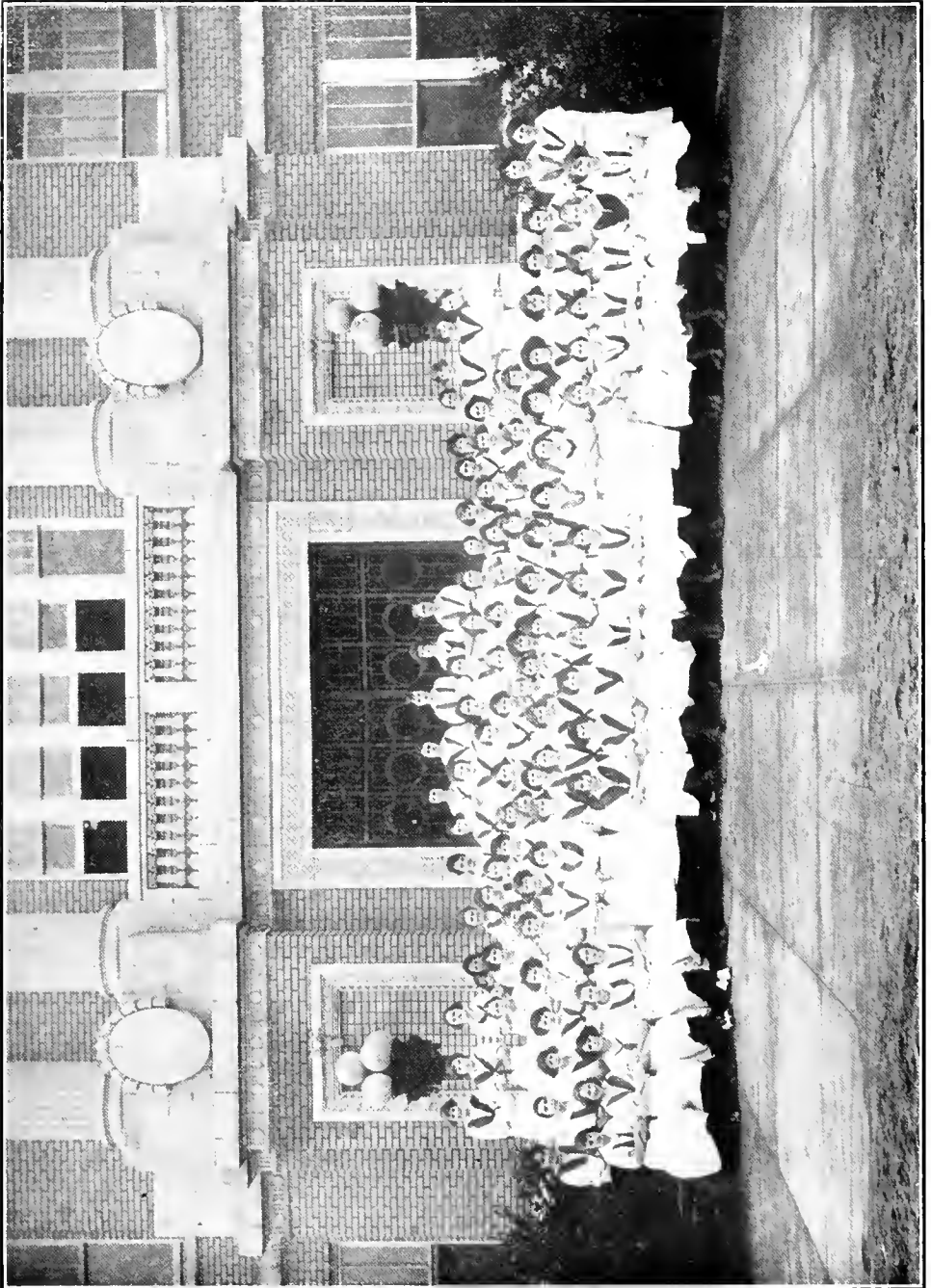
Then here’s to the class that’s full of pluck
And ever ready to do,
With hearts all high we’ll give a cheer
For the class of “twenty-two!”

ELNORA BENNETT, '23.



A·PAPAGEORGE .

JUNIOR



Junior Class

—o—

Colors—Red and White

Flowers—Red Poppy

Motto—To do, not to dream: to be, not to seem.

CLASS OFFICERS

CECILIA BAKER	<i>President</i>
ANABEL POWELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
JANIE TOMMINS	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Alexander	Hilton	Petrea
Allen	Holden	Phillips
Armstrong	Holman, L.	Plumb
Baker	Holman, M.	Plunkett
Barchen	Hutcheson	Powell, A.
Bennett	Johnson	Powell, L.
Brown	Jones, M. E.	Probyn
Boyd	Jones, M. B.	Radcliffe
Burdell	Jones, S.	Rosenblatt
Cadle	Jordan	Sandler
Cohen	Keener	Seigler
Connor	Kreisberg	Sevier
Crenshaw	Leary	Smith
Davis	Lee	Speth
Dicks	Lehman	Strauss, E.
Dunn, H.	Lester	Strauss, G.
Dunn, M.	Logan	Taliaferro
Egbert	Lombard	Tant
Etheridge	Malone	Theiling
Evans	Matheny	Tillman
Ford	McGahee	Tommins
Franklin	McMurphy	Wall
Funk	Merritt, A.	Walton, F.
Gary	Merritt, C.	Walton, P.
Gibbs	Miller	Weeks
Goodyear	Montgomery	Wescoat
Grusin	Moore, D.	Wicker
Gunter	Moore, S.	Wolfe
Harris	Murphy	Woodbury
Heath, E.	Norris	Wright, B.
Heath, M.	Otwell	Wright, M.
Hill, Martha	Panknin	Wyly
Hill, Mildred	Papageorge	Youmans

A Junior's Opinion of a Senior

—o—

YOU ask me, "What is a Junior's opinion of a Senior?" Well, on the whole, we are getting out of that stage in which we adore them from afar! When we were Subs or Freshmen, to be a Senior seemed the very pinnacle of success and the height of our ambition!

There is an old saying, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and someone has quite appropriately added, "Hang on tight and there you are!" This seems to apply to us very well, for we have hitched our wagons to the Senior Star, and now we are almost there. However, contrary to the principles of astronomy, the closer we are, the smaller the star seems, so we are not as "thrilled" as we thought we should be.

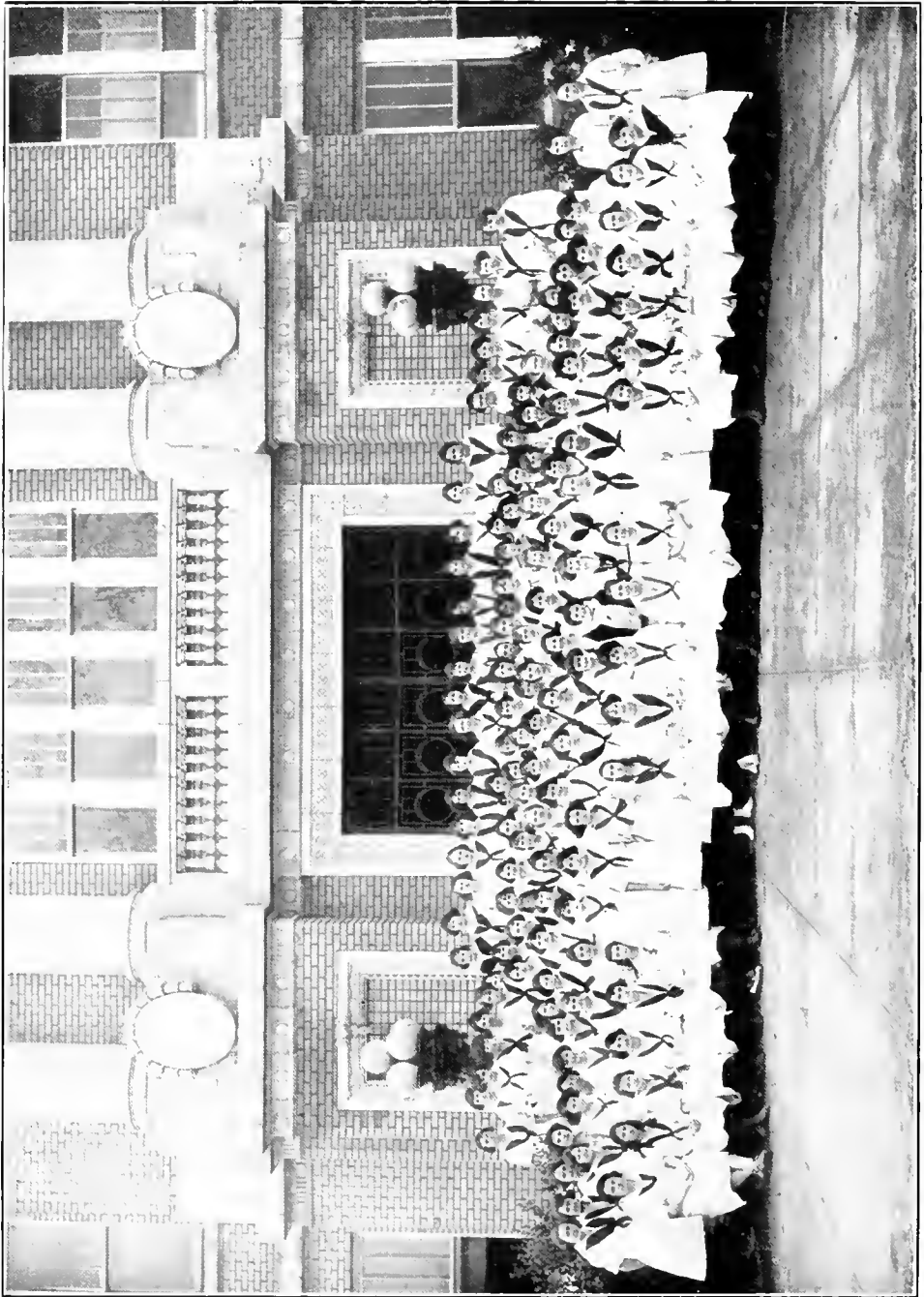
I once saw a cartoon which fits us exactly. It was the Evolution of a Dollar. The first picture was a small child's idea of a dollar; it was as big as a millstone! The second was a boy of about twelve; the dollar had shrunk to the size of a pumpkin. The third was a young man who had just started earning his living; the dollar was smaller still and only the size of a plate. The last picture was of an old man, rich and dead, to stop his race after money. The dollar was so tiny that it was hardly able to be noticed except in connection with a great many others. The Seniors have shrunk thus before our eyes and now we are almost looking at them as equals and not our superiors!

Of course we are impatient to take their places, and we envy them with all our hearts when graduation week comes round and we see them in their glory, but we don't envy them their piles of studies! When we see the proud Seniors receiving their diplomas, we gasp with envy, but then we think, "Oh, well, don't worry; we'll soon be receiving ours!" Thus, we shake off a luring fear that maybe—oh! maybe we shall flunk and not win the coveted diploma next year.

Well, anyway, we feel for the Seniors in their troubles and rejoice with them in their triumphs, and on the whole love them (and their position) dearly!

—VIRGINIA L. SEVIER, '23.





Sophomore Class

—o—

Class Colors—Blue and White

Class Flower—Sweet Pea

Motto—We will find a way or make one.

CLASS OFFICERS

DOROTHY PUND *President*
 ELIZABETH KREPS *Vice-President*
 ELIZABETH DOWLING *Secretary*

MEMBERS

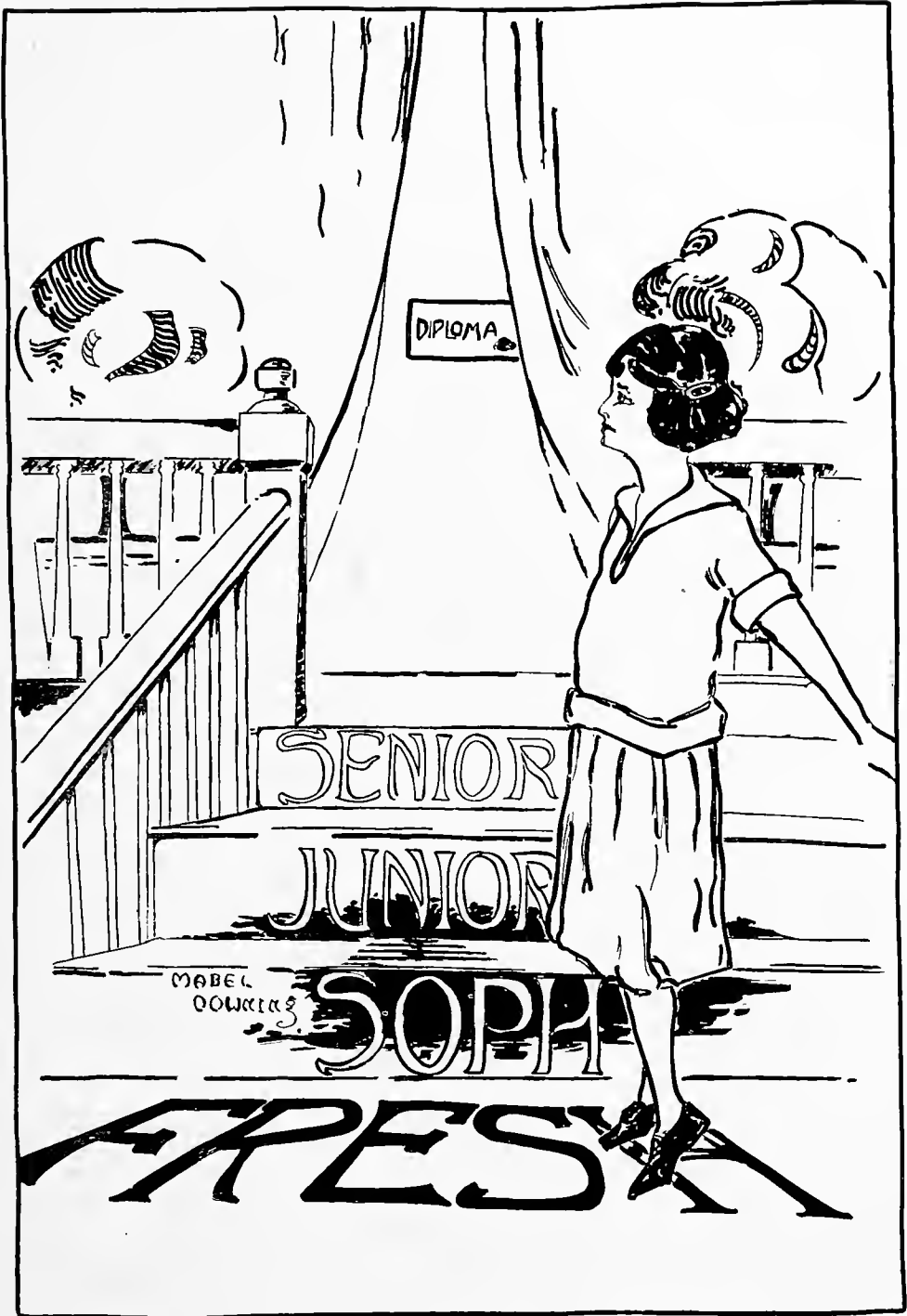
Alexander	Fortson	McDaniel	Sawilosky
Allen	Frazer	McElmurray	Schaufele
Anderson	Greene	McEwen	Schumacher
Andrews	Green	Meads	Silvey
Angelakos	Guy	Merry	Simowitz
Ballentine	Hardin	Mertins	Simpson
Balk	Heath	Meyer	Sims
Baxley	Hersey	Miller	Smith
Belding	Hill	Mintz	Smith
Blitchington	Hinton, E.	Mobley	Spradley
Bradd	Hinton, R.	Moore	Steed
Brawner	Hitt	Morgan, L.	Swindell
Briscoe	Hixon, O.	Morgan, M.	Sylvester
Brooks	Hixon, I.	Morris, E.	Tabb
Buck	Hogan	Morris, M.	Tanenbaum
Burgamy	Howell	Morris, M. M.	Thompson
Cain	Hughes	Munday	Toby
Campbell	Jackson	Murphy	Toole
Carroll	Jenkins	Murray	Tunkle
Carswell	Johnson	Oliver	Tyler
Chancey	Jordan	Page	Vaughn
Chapman	Kahrs	Palmer	Waterhouse
Crawford	Keen	Peebles	Welch
Criswell	Kleiner	Perkins	Whaley
Dowling, E.	Kreps	Plumb	White, C.
Dowling, S.	Langston	Ponds, D.	White, L.
Durden	Lawrence, A.	Ponds, L.	Whitlock
Dye	Lawrence, R.	Pund	Wilder
Elliot, A.	Leary	Quinn	Wilhelm
Elliot, E.	Lee	Redding	Winkler
Evans, D.	Levy	Reese	Wren
Evans, H.	Lockhart	Rheney	Young
Florence	Marks	Ridlehoover	Zealy
	Martin	Rosenthal	

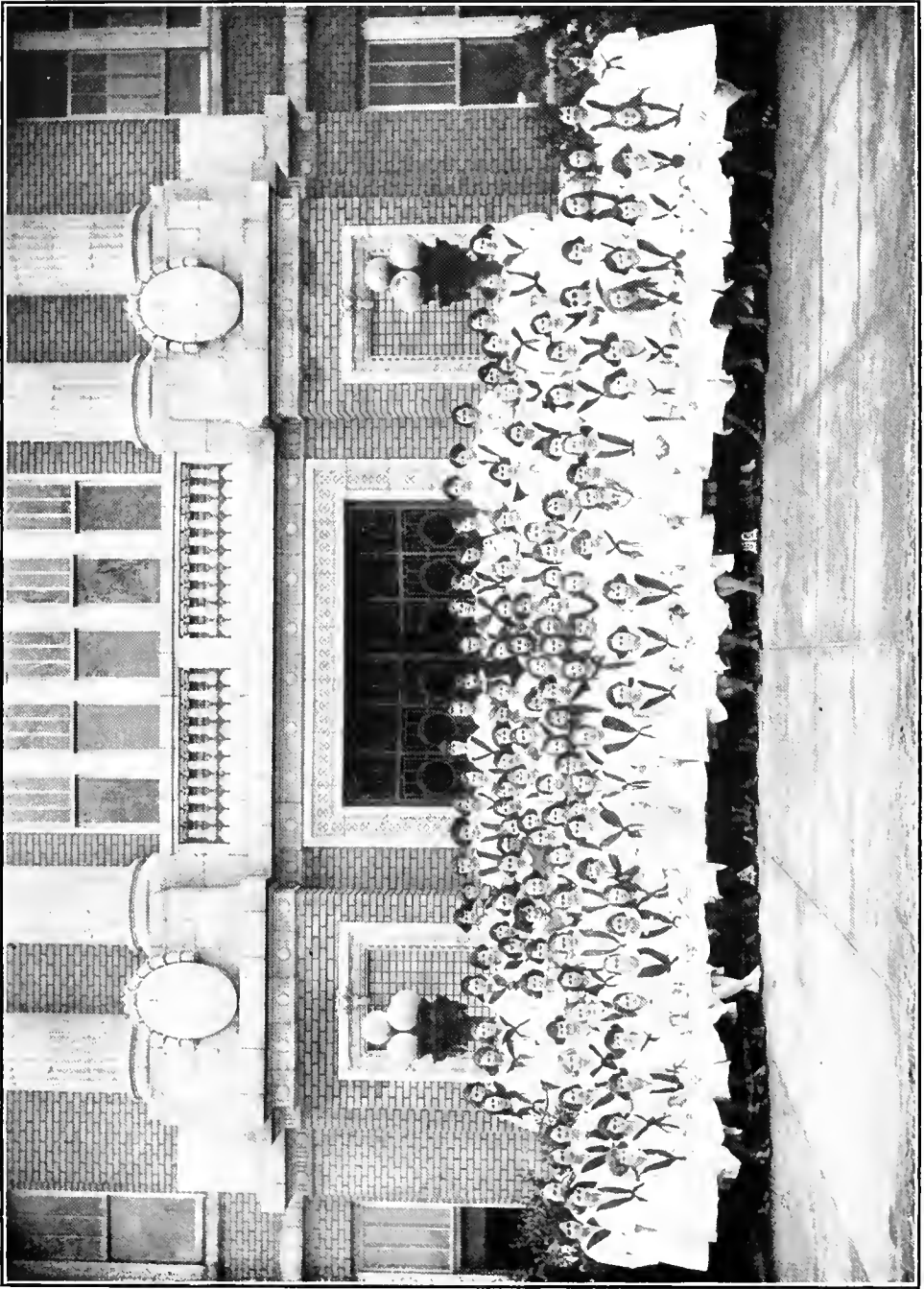
The First of a Great Line

THE Class of '24 claims the honor all for itself of having been the first class of memorable "Subs" to enter the noble edifice of learning, Tubman.

The name of "babies" was quickly applied to us, and we were the joke of the school. Our ignorance and innocence provoked laughter wherever we chanced to go. There were many things for us to wonder at, the seniors with their learned mien and sedate ways; the mixture of languages; the greatness of Mr. Garrett of whom we stood in awe, and all the lights of knowledge which were dawning. But in the course of our years of study and toil since we are now "wise fools," we have learned many things. As freshmen we learned that "lab." was not a playroom full of toys; the bannisters were not to slide down; that geometry was not an animal; neither was the stairway of marble. As we are now sophomores we have added greatly to our knowledge, and increased in fame, and we are known far and wide as the only sophomores class whose glory has not been dimmed by that of the juniors, and are heard in all things (thanks to our yelling capacities). But we hope that when all honor and glory is ours and the top of the ladder is reached, we will be famed in more and nobler ways than yelling.

—SARAH RIDDLEHOVER, '24.





Freshman Class

—o—

Colors—Purple and Gold

Flower—Pansy

Motto—Through the Dust to the Stars

CLASS OFFICERS

EDNA REYNOLDS *President*
 KATHERINE WIGGINS *Vice-President*
 MARY KIRKLAND *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Abnett	Danforth	Holden	Newhall	Sawilowsky
Adams, E.	Davis	Holley	Norrell	Scarborough
Adams, K.	DesCombes	Holmes	Norris	Schwitzerlet
Andrews, L.	Dorn	Hughes	North	Scruggs
Andrews, M.	Downing	Ihrig	O'Connor	Sedwick
Andrews, R.	Edmunds	Inman	O'Neal	Seigler
Arnold	Edwards, G.	Irvin	Otis	Sem
Ashendorf	Edwards, M.	Jack	Owens, C.	Serotta
Babbitt	Elgin	Jones	Owens, Mar.	Sheppard
Baxley	Fell	Johnson, M.	Owens, Mil.	Skinner
Beale	Fendley	Johnson, R.	Panknin	Smith, B.
Bell, D.	Fletcher	Kirkland, M.	Parks	Smith, D.
Bell, V.	Franklin	Kirkland, R.	Patch	Spann
Best	Frederick	Lamb	Pearl	Spaulding
Branch	Friedman	Lamback	Perkins	Spires
Brown, A.	Fuller, F.	Lanford	Peterson	Steed
Brown, E.	Fuller, G.	Lass	Phillips, E.	Steinberg
Brown, L.	Fuller, P.	Latimer	Philips, H.	Story
Bouterse	Gatchel	Lester	Platt	Summers
Boyce	Glover	Magruder	Powell	Swain
Bothwell	Gordon	Matheny	Printup	Sykes
Burch	Goolsby	Mathewes	Rabun	Vaughn
Burnette	Green	McElmurray, B.	Reab	Wall
Burney	Greene	McElmurray, M.	Reid	Ward
Bush	Grossman	McElmurray, Mil.	Reeves	Wells
Butler	Hall	Menger	Reynolds	Wescoat
Cannon	Hamilton	Middleton	Ripley	Wiggins
Cartledge	Hawkins	Miller	Roseman	Wilkerson
Cook	Heath	Mills	Rosier	Williams
Crenshaw	Helm	Moye	Sacre	Winter
Culpepper, Mar.	Henry	Murphy, G.	Sammons	Whitlock
Culpepper, Mer.	Hill	Murphy, V.	Saunders	White
Culver				Woodall

To the Freshman Class

—o—

(With apologies to Sam W. Foss)

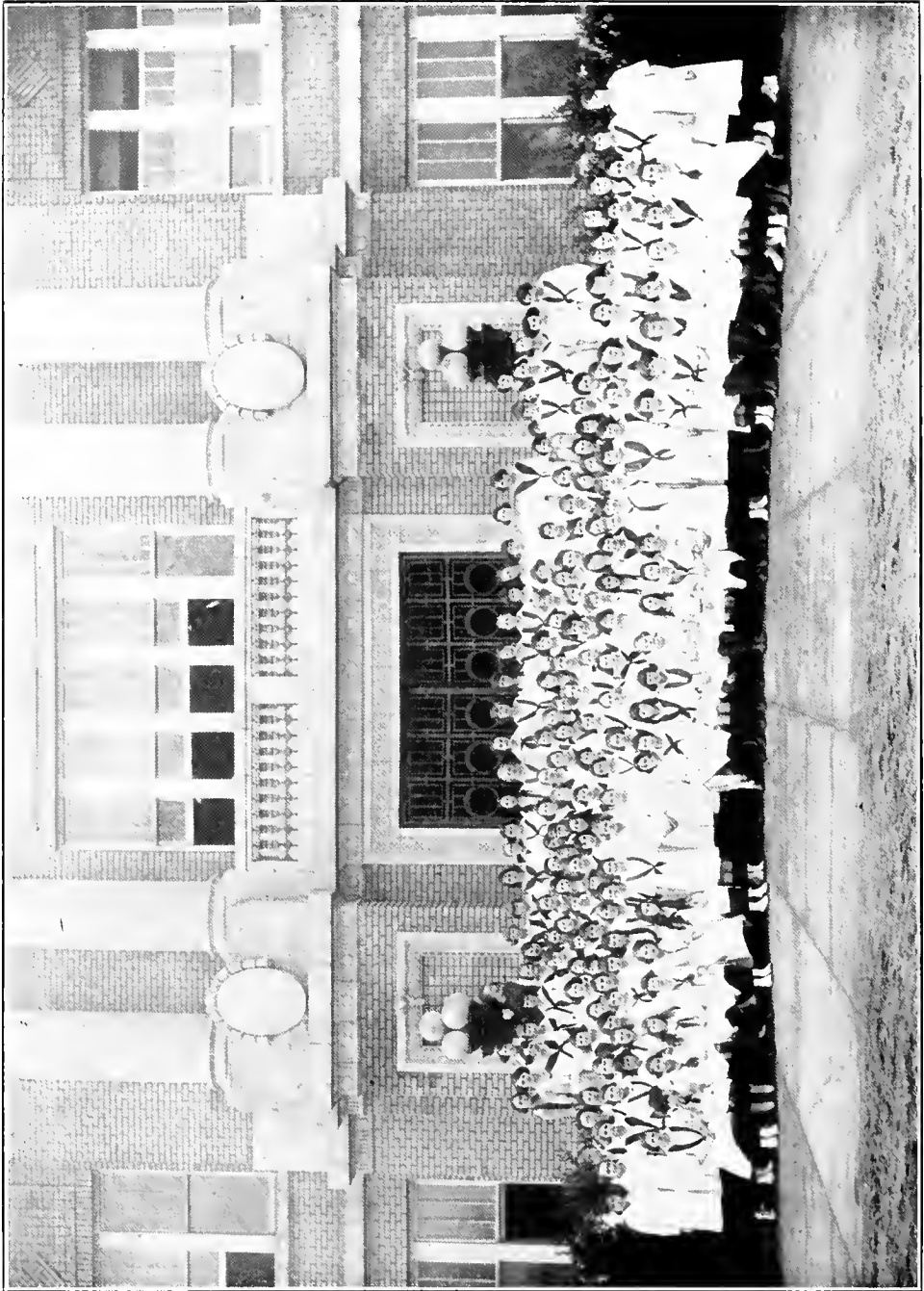
Let me go to the school called the Tubman High,
That faces on Walton Way,
Where the maids who'd be wise and the maids who would shine
Go trudging day by day.

I would not yet be a Senior sweet,
Nor a Junior important and gay;
I would not be a Sophomore wise,
Nor sigh for Sub-Freshman days.
But here's to the class of '25
The Freshman of '22.

—MARTHA LESTER.



SUB-FRESH



Sub-Freshman Class

—o—

Class Colors—Pink and White

Class Flowers—Pink Rose-bud

Motto—One for All, and All for One.

OFFICERS

MILDRED GARRETTPresident
CLEMMIE DOWNINGVice-President
WILMINA ROWLANDSecretary
SUE PLUNKETTTreasurer

MEMBERS

Aldrich	Culley	Haslett	O'Conner	Spradley
Anderson	Currie	Hattaway	Oliver	Steed, H.
Armstrong	Curry	Heath	Parker	Steed, D.
Averette	Daly	Holley	Parks	Steinberg
Bannester	D'Antignac	Hooper	Pate	Stoniker
Barton, L.	Darfin	Hoppman	Perkins	Stewers
Barton, R.	Davidson	Howard	Phillips	Summer
Barrow	Davis	Hughes.	Plunkett	Summerall
Bassford	Dicks, D.	Hutcheson	Powell	Tanenbaum
Beavers, M.	Dicks, H.	James	Power	Thompson, A.
Bell, S.	Dykes	Johnson, F.	Randall	Thompson, L.
Bell, H.	Downing	Johnson, R.	Reese	Tinley
Benson	Dye	Jones, El.	Reid	Tommims
Bishop	Ellison	Jones, Ed.	Rist	Trigg
Bland	Finklestein, I.	Joplin	Rhodes	Trowbridge
Blackstone	Finklestein, R.	Kelly, Lois	Rogers	Turner, A.
Bolin, M.	Fennell, M.	Kelly, Lil.	Rowland	Turner, M.
Bolin, E.	Fennell, H.	Klimt	Satcher	Vlachos
Bouterse	Fiske	Kneece	Sawilowsky	Wallace
Boyd	Fleming, V.	Koger	Schaufele	Walton
Brawner	Flening, M.	Lawrence	Schneider	Walker
Brazelle	Ford, A.	Lombard	Scott	Warner
Brooks	Ford, M.	Luckey	Seigler	Waterhouse
Broom	Garner	Matheny	Sellears	Watkins
Brown	Garrett	McElmurray	Sharpe	Weigle
Burton	Gilchrist	McCarty	Shealey	Whitaker, B.
Carswell	Green, C.	McDaniel	Shellhouse	Whitaker, W.
Cauthen	Green, M.	McEwen	Shimoff	Widener
Chew	Gunn	Miles	Shiverson	Wilcox
Clarke	Guthrie	Miller	Shivers	Wilensky, J.
Clary	Hair	Morgan	Simons	Wilensky, M.
Corbett	Hall, U.	Morris	Smith, Ev.	Willhite
Crawford	Hall, D.	Moye	Smith, L.	Williams
Crenshaw	Hardman	Murrah	Smith, J.	Wolfe
	Harper	Neary	Smith, El.	Wright
		Norris		

Life's Lesson

—o—

(From James Whitcomb Riley's "There! Little Girl, Don't Cry!")

I.

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And your speller blue,
And your geography, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But grammar school troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl, don't cry!

II.

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have put you in Sub-Fresh, I know,
And the sweet easy ways
Of your arithmetic days
Are things of the long ago;
But Latin and history will soon go by—
There! little girl, don't cry!

III.

There! little girl, don't cry!
You've begun algebra, I know,
And the golden gleams
Of your reading book dreams
Are things of the long ago.
Sub-Fresh holds all that your brain need try.
There! little girl, don't cry!

—JEAN DAVIDSON, '25.

Tubman High, My Tubman High!

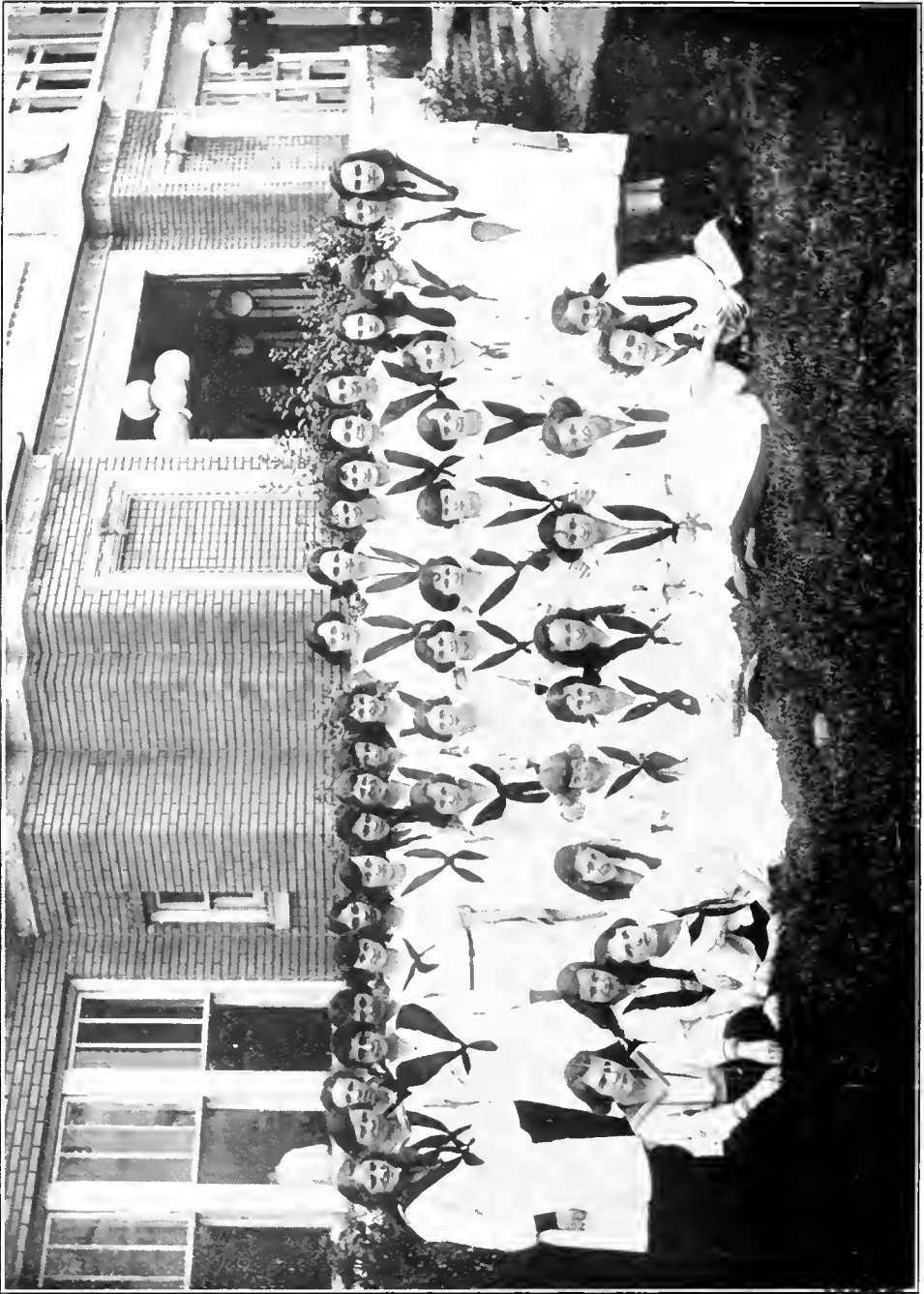
—o—

Thy students throng thro' all thy halls,
 Tubman High, my Tubman High!
Thy teachers filled with fervor all
 Tubman High, my Tubman High!
Thy athletes star on every floor,
Their deeds of valor all adore,
Their prowess opens every door
 To Tubman High, my Tubman High!

Thy head shall never bow in shame,
 Tubman High, my Tubman High!
Thy daughters will preserve thy fame,
 Tubman High, my Tubman High!
Let Nealy's memory never rust
Remember Garrett's sacred trust,
And all thy teachers, true and just,
 Tubman High, my Tubman High!

Thy past with glory flames afar,
 Tubman High, my Tubman High!
Thy present we must never wear,
 Tubman High, my Tubman High!
Thy future be our dearest pride
Nor may we ever lay aside
Our hopes, our aims for ought beside
 Tubman High, my Tubman High!

—MARGARET JOHNSON.



Exempts

—o—

The picture on the opposite page shows the girls who were exempt from all Mid-Year Examinations in February, 1922. To be exempt from an Examination in any subject a student must have made a Term Average of B plus or higher. To be exempt in all subjects indicates a very high standing. The following girls were exempt:

SENIOR CLASS: Anna Elizabeth Branch, Mildred Gardner, Bessie Gilchrist, Mary Henry, Mattie Inglett, Dessie Kuhlke, Eleanor Walton, Lucy Watkins.

JUNIOR CLASS: Janelle Gibbs, Grace Strauss.

SOPHOMORE CLASS: Marion Andrews, Mary Briscoe, Ruth Hardin, Ivy Hixson, Margaret Lockhart, Dorothy Levy, Catherine Schumacher, Jennie Claire Steed, Sarah Tanenbaum, Lucile Whitlock.

FRESHMAN CLASS: Rebecca Andrews, Catherine Branch, Eleanor Brown, Ruth Green, Luch Goodrich Henry, Martha Lester, Gladys Miller, Susie Quinn, Edna Reynolds, Ida Wall, Marguerite Westcoat.

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS: Clemmie Downing, Helen Fennell, Mary Fiske, Langhorne Howard, Lois Kelly, Evelyn McDaniel, Mena Neary, Wilmina Rowland, Estelle Sawilowsky, Elizabeth Warner.

Cosmetics

—o—

English class is an awful bore,
When reading some of Tennyson's lore,
Still she could even bore us more
 But for Cosmetics.

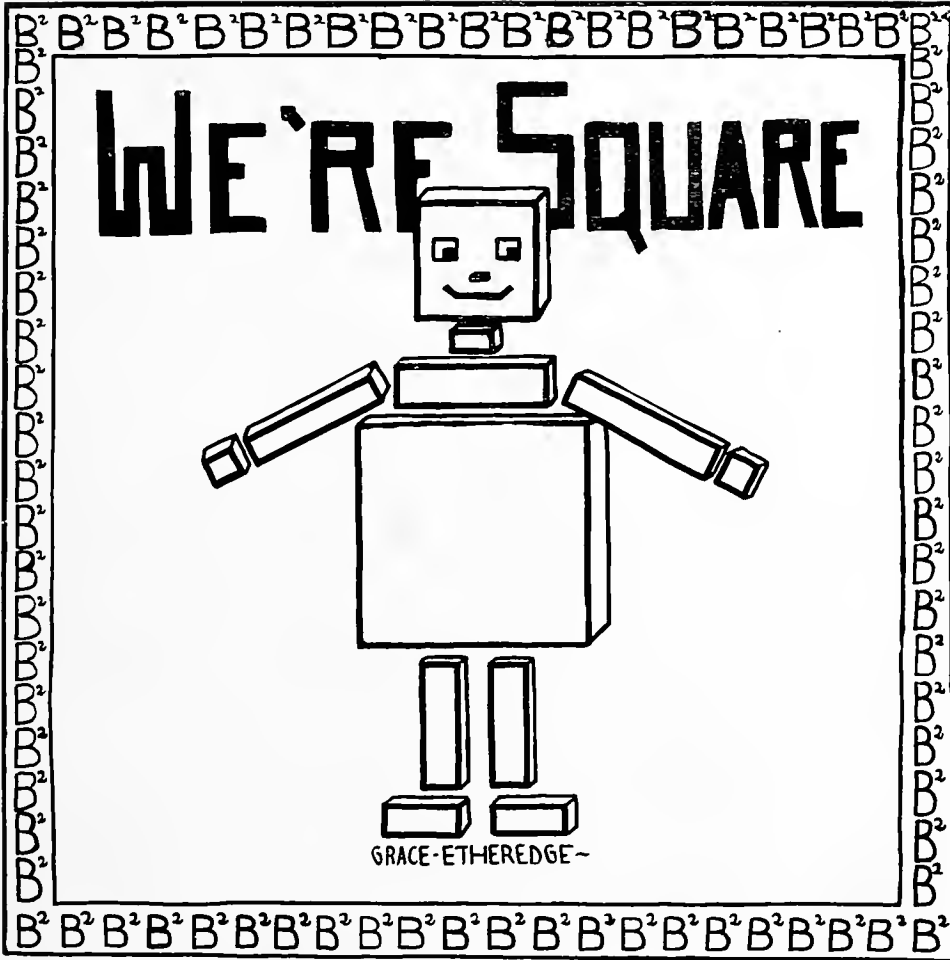
In history it is on the sly
That one must pencil a watchful eye.
Still we must do it or die,
 With Cosmetics.

"Will you pardon me, if I remark,
Cosmetics leave me in the dark."
Said our French teacher lowering our mark
 About Cosmetics.

In chemistry it's a different thing
Why one can even a dorin sling
When from across the room some one sings,
 "Pass the Cosmetics."

For the moral of this, girls, don't think,
If you would capture that foppish "gink,"
And when you have him at the kitchen snik,
 Thank Cosmetics.

—ELEANOR LANHAM.



HONOR
LEAGUE



HONOR COUNCIL

Nonie Mullins	<i>Senior Representative</i>	Annabel Powell	Secretary
Miss Williamette Green	<i>Faculty Representative</i>	Miss Louise Parks	<i>Faculty Representative</i>
Elizabetha Oliver	<i>Sophomore Representative</i>	Dessie Kuhlke	<i>President</i>
Mary Kirkland	<i>Freshman Representative</i>	Grace Etheredge	<i>Junior Representative</i>
	Blanche Kuhlke		<i>Sub-Freshman Representative</i>

Honor League "Truth"

—o—

In all this glory, of earth and above,
We praise and we worship our God of Love,
Who lived and died on earth for men,
That He, His faith 'gainst foes defend
With Truth.

The world's great wheel of wealth and fame,
The minds from whence it grew and came,
The humanity and the love of things;
Nature's joy forever rings
With Truth.

Knowledge is the body whole,
But wisdom is the very soul!
Do not fear, and shrink away,
But live each happy, gladsome day
With Truth.

The spirit of our Tubman High
Shall spread from earth up to the sky.
Our search shall last unto the end,
Until our knowledge and wisdom blend
With Truth.

—MELVILLE BURDELLE DOUGHTY, '22.

Confessions of a Tubmanite

—o—

I HAVE always been most envious of the authors of "Confessions of a Wife" and of a "Movie Star," and have greatly looked forward to the time when I should write some. I shall tell some of my thoughts since I left care-free childhood behind and entered the massive portals of the Tubman High School. I shall pass over the first three years of my career, a veritable nightmare in which I was pursued by horrible Latin exams and daily algebra tests, and devote my time to this last, my Senior year.

I wonder if people who write and talk of Senior privileges really believe that there are such things? What a disappointment it is to anticipate for years the time when Mr. Garrett will "want to see the Senior Class immediately after assembly," only to find that when you *are* a Senior he has talked out. One might say we can "lord it" over the under classmen, but when a sub rushes up to you and says: "*You* might be in my class, do you know where Sub E is now?"—where is our Senior superiority?

Lots of things have been puzzling me ever so long. Does Miss Flisch know of our fervent prayers in history class when she springs "big question," and does Mlle. Page guess how much of her French we understand? Gee! but I 'most got caught eating in the building today, but what does it matter, tomorrow's Saturday.

Oh! what a heavenly week-end—parties, dances and—just everything! Week ends are grand while they last, but when they are over, how dull and prosaic school seems! Miss West did try to give us a bit of excitement by springing a chemistry test today—she'll be the one to get the excitement when she sees our papers.

Had the best time in English today—imagine it! Was a "laboratory period," and we were working on our short stories. I heard all about one of our esteemed teacher's past love affair from the girl in front. You can imagine the pathos of it all, for the lover is dead now and she is still an old maid. But that's not all—I heard more delicious scandal from across the aisle. I was *so* surprised! I wonder if the reports are true? They can't be, but, yet—

Without a doubt, afternoon chemistry is—well, any way, it isn't much fun. One of these days, when I've the authority, I'm going to change the Senior B schedule. Afternoon lab is bad enough all the time, but when you are making chlorine and the apparatus "busts," it's awful! When I went to the window to get some air, and thus prevent instant death by asphyxiation, whom should I see but—well, a machine. Isn't it tough to have to stay in school and smell

chlorine when someone is waiting for you outside? School *certainly* has ruined my complexion, and I wanted to look to good! But I didn't put any rouge on. I'm not that kind of a girl, and, besides, mother might have noticed it when I got home.

Today is Wednesday and we had the first meeting of the Annual staff. Wouldn't take anything for being "on," 'cause you hear more gossip, and besides I might be a subject for discussion if I weren't present. Can hardly wait a week for the next meeting—Annuals are gobs of fun even if you do have to work yourself to death and make announcements before the whole school. I didn't know there were so many girls in school 'till I said my little say this morning.

Another glorious week-end—The Shiek was here! We all went down Friday afternoon and again Saturday morning, and stayed 'most all day. Oh! but it was bliss! Who would have ever thought that a Shiek could be so positively fascinating? But he was. Ask any one of his devotees how well he handles a situation.

Had the most harrowing experience in the lunch room today. As usual, there were so many girls down there that you couldn't move. After fighting for hours, or so it seemed, to get my ice cream, I had just recovered my breath and was beginning to enjoy life when—I wasn't eating my own cone at all, but—horrors!—a dirty little Sub's!

Tomorrow is Lee's birthday, which means a half-holiday. We were all hoping to get out of two whole periods, but Mr. Garrett is going to cut to thirty minute periods and have them all. Isn't that just like a man! I wonder if Lee ever guessed how much joy he would bring into the lives of school girls? He has given humanity quite a few hours of holiday since he died, hasn't he? Lee *certainly* was a great man!

Unmitigated anguish! Exams are coming soon—next week, in fact—but, then, so is June; some day, and *maybe* we'll all get our diplomas.

—ELEANOR WALTON, '22.

Chemistry

OR

AN UNANSWERED PRAYER

—o—

(Tune: Sunny Tennessee)

Oh, I've got an exam, such a hard exam,
In good ole chemistry;

I couldn't pass it if I tried,

Seems as though my brains just died.

Oh, I wish I'd studied, how I wished I'd studied
That darned ole chemistry;

I'd be playing basket ball,

Instead of studying in the hall.

Oh, I'm out of breath, just scared to death,
'Bout the dinged ole chemistry;

All I see is H_2O plus H_2SO_4 —

Oh, Lordy, hear my plea,

Let me pass my chemistry,

And I'll be exempt like I want to be

In nineteen twenty-three.

—ELEANOR LANHAM, '22.



GRACE
ETHEREDGE.



ORCHESTRA

ELISE VAN PELT	DOROTHY BREDEMBERG	DOROTHY PUND	ADELAIDE THOMSON
<i>Bells</i>	<i>Violin</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Saxophone</i>
VIOLET HEATH	FLORENCE LESTER	SARAH TANENBAUM	
<i>Violin</i>	<i>Piano</i>	<i>Violin</i>	

Just By Chance

—o—

JACK HOLMES had been in New York just three days, but he had already reached the conclusion that instead of being a lively place, it was really quite dull and uninteresting.

When one looked at Jack, his browned skin suggested great prairies, with the sun beating down and the winds sweeping over them, and his deep blue eyes seemed to inform one that they really had that kind of sky out there instead of the pale, smoky one which covered New York.

These thoughts ran vaguely through the little stenographer's mind as she rode up in the elevator, with this six-foot monster, to her office. Jack, turning around, saw the pretty little blond's eyes on him, and because he felt very lonesome, he spoke to her and she smiled sweetly at him.

Of course, it just happened that when Jack saw her get off at the tenth floor and enter a lawyer's office, he immediately remembered that he must see a lawyer about some stock of his. Again it just chanced that the little stenographer opened the door for him, and he was allowed a few minutes conversation with her.

During the following few days, Jack found that he was obliged to return to this office quite often to see about his stock, and a friendship soon sprang up between Edith Johnson, the stenographer, and himself. One day when he was feeling lonesome and blue, he asked Edith to go out to luncheon with him and later they used some theater tickets which he happened to have.

Then, Jack suddenly awoke to the fact that he was wildly in love with the blue-eyed enchantress and being a rough Westerner, he didn't spend months approaching the question in a diplomatic way, but blurted it out in an incoherent style. That Edith understood, however, and wasn't wholly displeased was shown by the flush which deepened in her cheek and the sparkle that made her eyes radiant.

"I believe you're the loveliest creature that ever existed," exclaimed Jack, a few days later, as they were walking through the park and he, as usual, was gazing at her pink and white complexion and star-like eyes fringed with dark lashes.

Just then they passed a girl to whom Edith spoke very pleasantly. After they had gone a little way, Jack said: "She's not a friend of yours, is she?"

"Yes, I am very fond of her," answered Edith.

"But she is painted!" from Jack, in a surprised voice.

Edith became quiet and listened in silence while Jack proceeded to expound his views on the made-up girl. Finally, in a very timid voice she ventured: "If a man loved a girl, would he forgive her for doing something that he thought very wrong, if she promised never to do it again?"

"If he cares for the girl as much as I care for you, he would forgive," he answered.

The subject was soon changed, for Jack had received a telegram that he must go home on the following day and he wanted to take Edith with him, to show her to his mother. Finally, he won and Edith promised to go with him.

Accordingly, the next afternoon about two o'clock the door-bell rang and Edith went to the door to admit her future husband.

"Is Miss John—why, Edith, are you ill?" he cried as he gazed at her pale cheeks.

"No, but I had a confession to make and thought I'd better do it in this way. You know you said you'd forgive and," as he looked into her eyes, "you see, blue eyes look so much better with dark lashes."

"They surely do," he involuntarily agreed.

"Oh! I know you don't love me now that you see I'm not really pretty," and poor Edith buried her head in her hands and wet the straight wisps of hair, which were falling around her face, with her tears.

But Jack, recovering from his first astonishment, came over to her, and took her in his arms, assuring her that he loved her as much as ever. Finally, her sobbing ceased and then Jack said: "Come, honey, we must hurry, if we are to catch that train," and then glancing at her, "How long would it take you to curl your hair and—er—make up?"

"About thirty minutes," she dimpled back.

"Well, I guess we can wait that long."

—HELLEN M. SMITH, '22.



GRACE ETHEREDGE

 **PLAYS** 

Plays at Tubman

—o—

HERE have been many charming plays given at Tubman during the past year and several others have been scheduled, all of which have brought out the talent and ability of the Tubman girls. Tubman has always prided itself on the successful and delightful plays it has presented. This year's entertainments have been more numerous than usual, and, if possible, have given even greater pleasure.

Beginning with the Athletic Exhibition, presented under the direction of Miss Briscoe and Miss Plunkett, the school as a whole showed excellent results both of training and effort. "Tubmapolitan Art," presented by the College Club, was an artistic triumph. No where could be found a more perfect representation of both the old and new art of sculpture than that pictured by the beautiful girls who took these parts.

An amusing little comedy, "A Perplexing Situation," presented by Miss Hains with the assistance of a number of Tubman girls, gave splendid amusement to an appreciative audience.

This was followed by "Mr. Bob," under the auspices of the College Club. This play had the distinction of having the cast, not only of Tubman girls, but also one of the Tubman faculty and some Academy boys. Needless to say this play was a "hit."

Nearly every Friday afternoon the school is entertained by plays given by the Eureka Club—plays that are rather spontaneous comedy and no end of fun.

There are two plays to which the school is looking forward. The first of these is "The Charm School," which the Senior Class is preparing and it promises to out-do all former Senior efforts. This will be followed by the Junior play, "The Yokahama Maid." Its tuneful score and its interesting plot will undoubtedly be the climax to all the former Junior plays at Tubman.

—FLORENCE LESTER, '23.

The Charm School

—o—

THE following is a synopsis of "The Charm School," which is to be presented by the Senior Class on April 21st.

Austin Bevans is an automobile salesman with ideas, who inherits a finishing school for girls. True to his form he has an idea and decides to take active control of the school and teach his pupils the secret of charm. With hero-like ability he surmounts the main obstacle, lack of funds, by securing the financial support of Homer Jones on the condition that none of the students fall in love with the new principal.

Now what "Greek God" could help being attractive to girls especially in a girls' seminary? The Apollo in question was no exception to the rule, for every one became infatuated with him, from the most insignificant freshman to the president of the senior class, Elise Benedotti, niece of Homer Johns.

Since her idol proved unresponsive, Elise ran away from school. She is subsequently brought back by Austin who despite the awful consequence of losing the school, succumbed to her charm. Such is the power of that illusive and alluring quality, charm.

New Year a'la Class of '22

—o—

Ten resolutions standing in a line,
 One didn't study; then there were nine,
 Nine resolutions ^{to} not to be late,
 One slept an extra hour; then there were eight,
 Eight resolutions fit to go to heaven,
 One talked in chapel; then there were seven,
 Seven resolutions! My what a fix!
 One slept in class; then there were six,
 Six resolution, ^{to} hard to keep alive,
 One ate in the halls; then there were five,
 Five resolutions, sworn to sin no more;
 One masticated gum in class; then there were four,
 Four resolutions, as firm as could ^{be} ~~me~~,
 One cut class; then there were three,
 Three resolutions, just enough to do,
 One had a "school night date;" then there were two,
 Two resolutions, best under the sun,
 One borrowed lunch money; then there was one,
 One resolution, my story's almost done,
 She failed to write her chemistry; then there were none,
 Resolutions broken, nothing more to fear—
 Good-bye, resolutions, 'till another year.

—FRANCES SHERMAN.



MARY KIRKLAND

ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| <i>Standing, left to right—</i> | <i>Seated, left to right—</i> |
| "Teto" Baker..... | Mildred Garrett..... |
| Dorothy Pund..... | Martha Hall..... |
| Edna Agee..... | Melville Doughty..... |
| Elizabeth Dowling..... | Blanche Lehman..... |
| Miss Gladys Briscoe..... | Mary Zealy..... |
| Miss Helen Frank..... | Eleanor Morris..... |
| Miss Emma Plunkett..... | |
| Jayne Weeks..... | |
| Frances Fuller..... | |
| <i>Manager Varsity Team</i> | <i>Sub-Freshman Representative</i> |
| <i>Cheer Leader</i> | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| <i>Senior Representative</i> | <i>President</i> |
| <i>Captain Varsity Team</i> | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| <i>Physical Director</i> | <i>Secretary</i> |
| <i>Faculty Representative</i> | <i>Sophomore Representative</i> |
| <i>Asst. Physical Director</i> | |
| <i>Junior Representative</i> | |
| <i>Freshman Representative</i> | |

The Athletic Association

—o—

THE Athletic Association was organized three years ago, its object being to raise the standard of the school and to promote greater team spirit.

Although this association has been most successful, a new Constitution has been adopted.

The officers of the Association are elected in January of each year. The president is chosen from the senior class, the vice-president from the junior class, the treasurer from the junior class, and the secretary from the sophomore class. One girl is chosen from each of the above classes including the freshman and sub-freshman classes, to act as representative on the council.

The Athletic Council is composed of the officers of the Association, the representatives from the different classes, a member of the faculty, the physical director and her assistant, and the principal.

The Council presents all letters and numerals to those girls winning same and may withhold any letter or numeral which it deems the winner unworthy of wearing.

—EDNA AGEE.



VARSIITY SQUAD

Vera McGowan
 Helen Probyn
 Alberta Caspary

Mary Heath
 Margaret Dunn
 Kathleen Seigler

Elizabeth Dowling, Capt.
 Rosabelle Burch
 Eleanor Walton
 Edna Agee

Grace Strauss
 Florence Lester
 Jaynie Weeks

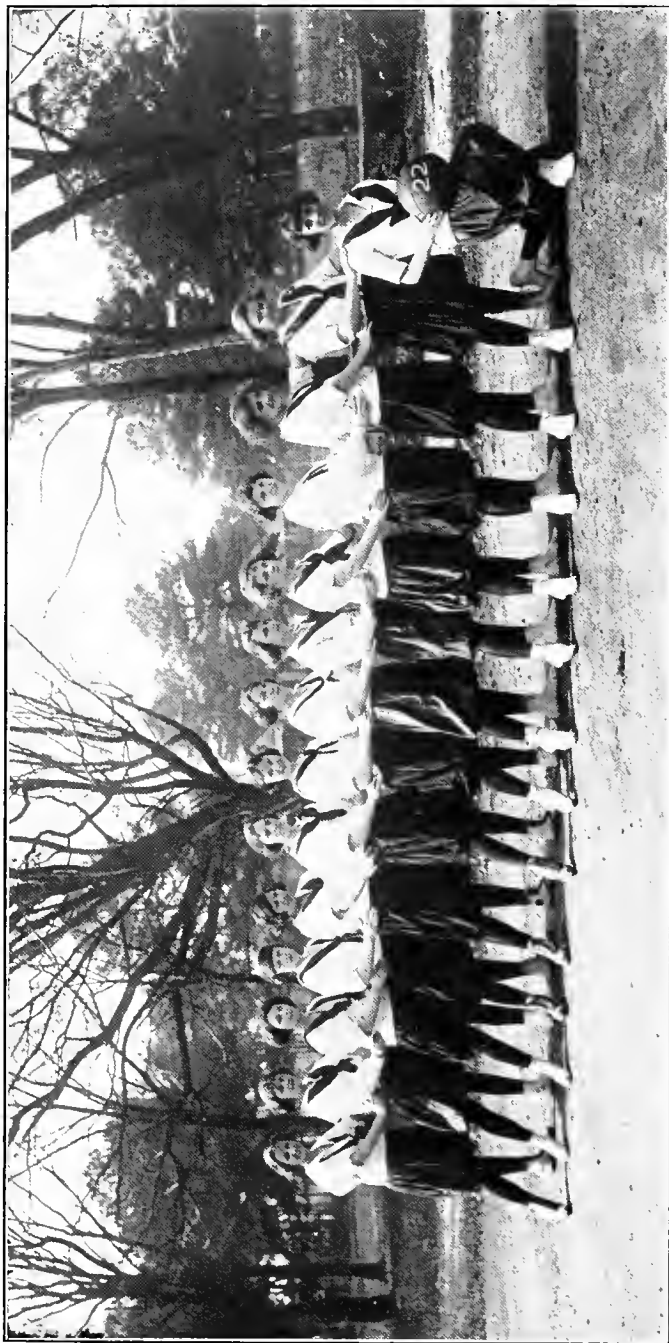
Basketball

An Illusive Spheroid

—o—

BASKETBALL, the game of—a wonderful pastime; all a girl has to do, after she has made the Varsity, is to go out and work like a dray-horse and a pile-driver and a street-roller for a couple of hours every afternoon, get kicked in the shins and biffed in the eye and rolled in the dirt, or on the floor, and ragged by one coach, one captain and one umpire. That's all she has to do, except to learn a lot of signals so she can recognize them in the fraction of a second, be able to recite the rules backward and forward and both ways from the middle, and live on such indigestible things as beef, rice and prunes. If she fails to do all these things she is called "mutt" and a "dude" and a "disgrace to the school" and unless she is lucky enough to break a leg and get out of it before the big games, she has sixty minutes of glory and twenty-four hours of heart disease and her picture in the Annual—she knows it's her picture because there is a statement underneath that Sally Jones is the third criminal from the left in the backrow! And it isn't the photographer's fault if the good looking forward in the back row turned her head just as the camera went snap, and all that is left of Sally Jones is a torn and lacerated left ear! But it's worth it!

—E. MOBLEY, '22.



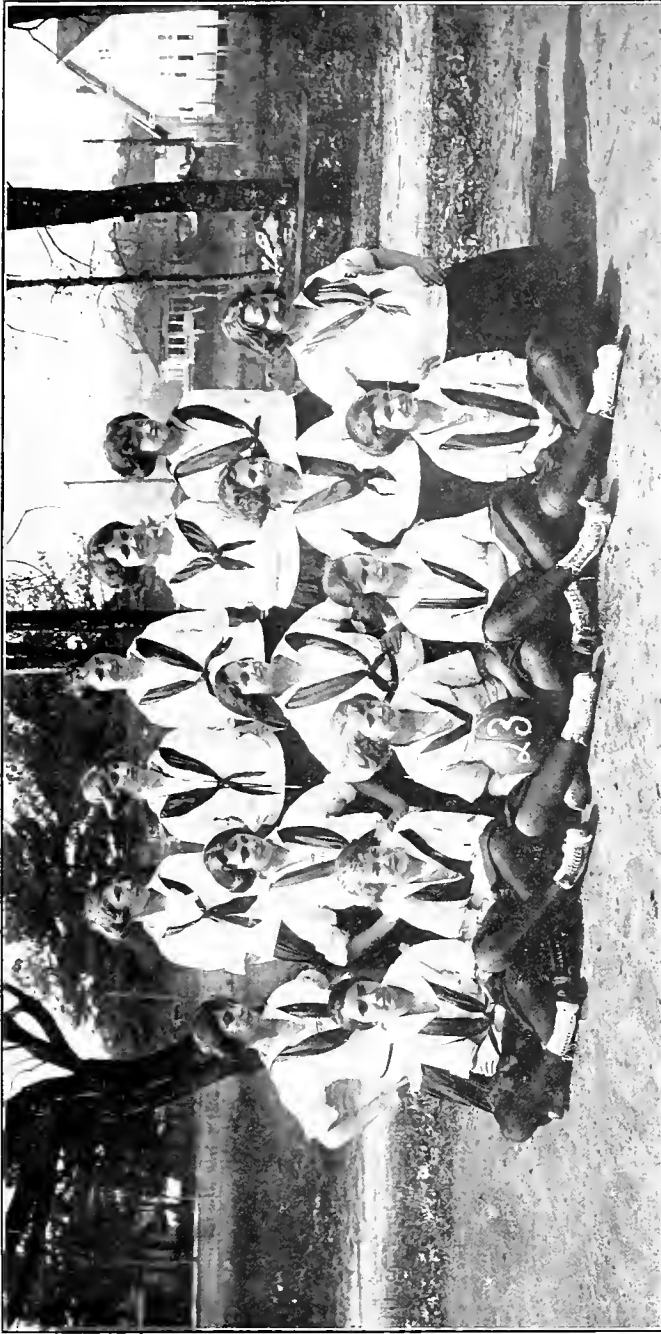
SENIOR BASKETBALL SQUAD

Vera McGowan
 Eleanor Lanham
 Pauline Hardin

Eleanor Walton
 Alberta Caspary
 Florence White
 Annie B. Daniel

Edna Agee
 Loretta Watson
 Clifford Kelly
 Rosabelle Burch

Frances Sherman
 Margaret Blitchington
 Elizabeth Mobley, Capt.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL SQUAD

Martha Hill
 Marcella Holman
 Grace Strauss

Cecelia Baker
 Florence Lester
 Elizabeth Burdell
 Blanche Lehman

Effie Plunkett
 Lucia Norris
 Mary Heath
 Minnie Cohen

Margaret Dunn
 Jayme Weeks, Capt.
 Helen Probyn
 Ethel Miller



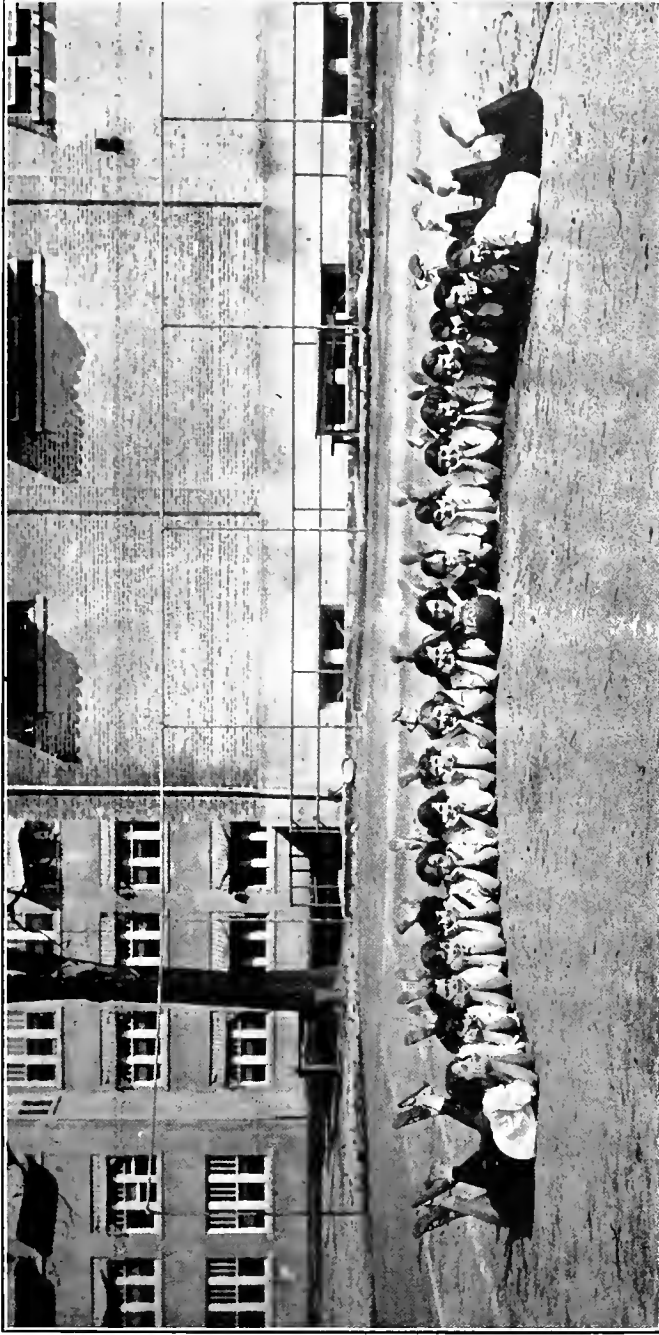
SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL SQUAD

Roselle Rosenthal
 Sarah Lee
 Elizabeth Kreps
 Alice Peebles

Virginia Mobley
 Kathleen Seigler
 Sarah Dowling
 Alice Perkins

Sarah Riddlehoover
 Alma Hitt
 Elizabeth Dowling
 Dorothy Pund

Elizabeth Oliver
 Mary Jackson, Capt.
 Mary Zealy
 Eunice Sawilowsy



FRESHMAN BASKETBALL SQUAD

Louise Scruggs
 Mary Fletcher
 Margaret Culpepper
 Mabel Downing

Marguerite Westcoat
 Mary Edwards
 Ida Wall
 Mildred Sedwick
 Rose Spalding

Mary Matthews
 Frances Norrell, Capt.
 Frances Fuller
 Margaret Johnson
 Isabel North

Gertrude Beale
 Alice Summers
 Kathrine Green
 Alice Spann
 Gertrude Erick



To Our "Ex-Varsity"

—o—

All great deeds are recorded,
Somewhere in the book of time.
Such as wars, inventions, discoveries,
And other things sublime.

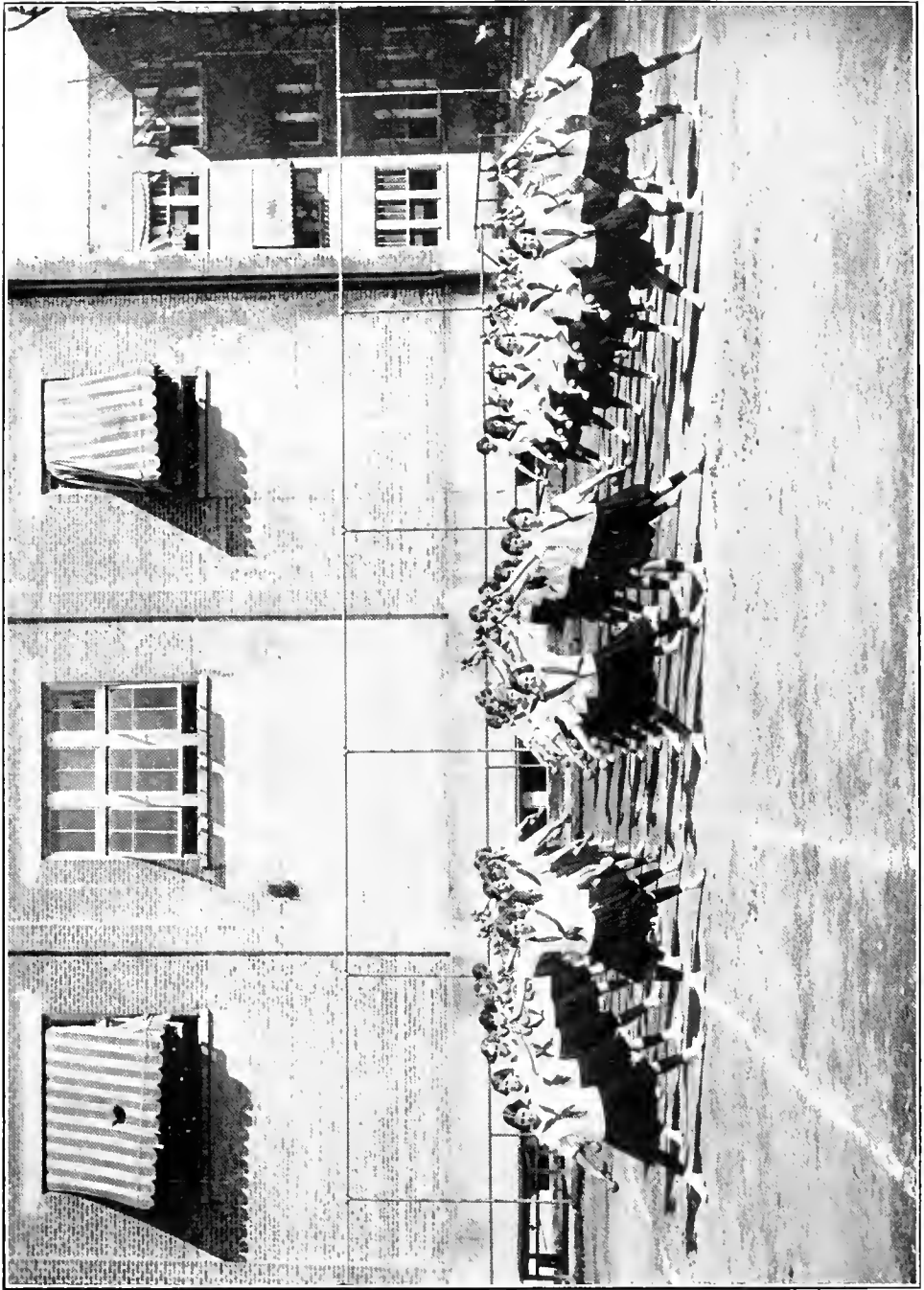
We know you've accomplished a deed worth recording,
In this wonderful book of Art,
Instead your deed will be recorded
In each and every Tubman heart.

For we appreciate your struggles and efforts,
To win for us a name,
And by so doing place us as equals
With those in the ranks of Fame.

We realize how you struggled and fought,
In trying to do your best.
But all great things must end somehow,
So examinations did the rest.

But think not of those unfortunate things,
Ex-Varsity of '22,
Instead, please accept and remember the fact,
That we are very, very proud of you.

—VIRGINIA MOBLEY, '24.



A Social Error

—o—

IT was a warm, bright day in June. School had been out two weeks, but the spirit of graduation had not yet died out of Tom Lee's heart, and he was making the weary trip from Hanover to Bristol, on a dismal Pullman car, his mind and thoughts turned more than once to those happy days just passed—the Senior hop, the prom, the S.A.E. banquet, and especially to those people who are necessary to every boy's good time. As he was thus dreaming, he turned his head to scan the occupants of the car. There were two or three business men, just returned from the smoker; an elderly lady, with a small boy who seemed to be fascinated with the scenery outside; and just two seats ahead, across the aisle, a rather small but interesting looking girl. She, too, was gazing out of the window, and as Tom glanced in her direction, a happy thought entered his head. He reached in his hand bag, picked up a college magazine and sauntered in her direction. What was the harm? As he passed, she looked up, and he, making use of that glance, bowed, and asked her pardon for sitting down. He didn't know how to begin, but finally managed to impart the information that here was a book well worth the reading if she might care to do so.

"Only one of our school magazines—the last one of the year—and darn good, too," he explained.

"Why, this is very kind of you. I don't believe I'm acquainted with the school, though," the girl returned rather coolly.

"Guilford College. It's a whang—I mean, good old place! Maybe you'd like to hear something about it?" This last rather eagerly.

"Why, no. I think I'd much prefer looking over the book. I'll return it in a few minutes."

"O, please; in that case, I feel it my duty to explain some of its features—"

"I detest agents!"

"Certain special features, the first of which—"

"Is this your name written so boldly across the top? I think I can manage, Mr. Lee."

"Then we are introduced!" triumphantly.

"Are we?"

"I know enough about you—"

"I'm sure my knowledge of you will suffice."

"I know you are just the kind of girl I may expect to meet only under adverse circumstances. Why is it that cousins and everyday people whom you know are always so different; so, well—unattractive?"

She was turning the pages slowly and apparently without interest.

"For instance," he continued, pointing to a small sketch of a girl, which was loose in the magazine, "there is one of my cousin's chums; I am to meet her this evening. Why doesn't *she* ride on trains, and let other people be chums?"

The girl regarded the penciled caricature critically. She was biting her lips to keep from smiling.

"Mouth a bit too large," she commented to herself. She held the picture towards the light, and tilted her head to one side with the air of a serious critic.

Tom laughed, and the girl smiled in spite of herself.

"Not large enough? You don't know chums. Tall, slender, actually slim—" he darted a hasty glance at her dark eyes. "Gray eyes, too, you know—probably keeps her mouth open all the time."

"I'd draw the line if she kept her mouth open very much." She felt it her duty to utilize this opportunity.

"Don't you feel sorry for me?"

"The—er—chum has my sympathy."

"Why? Am I so bad? I'm sure if our positions—" he found a new idea. "Will my talking to *myself* disturb you?"

"I can't regulate that."

"Well, it's just this way," he soliloquized. "I have a cousin—but it's not my fault. The cousin has a chum, Laura Weston, whom she thinks is—well—an angel. That's her fault. I've met such angels before."

"Having any fun?"

"I could have more."

"If I could ask a question—" musingly "—it would be why you are going there in spite of this?"

"Promised. I'm to fill out a house party, you see. I don't expect a good time. It's merely a matter of duty."

"One should do one's duty, by all means."

The whistle was blowing. Tom turned and addressed her directly:

"Perhaps you will be relieved to know that I am going to get off at the next station. Of course we shall never see each other again, and, if you'll allow me, I'm sure I'll be sorry. You won't mind my saying that I believe I'll even miss you—am I acting funny? I don't believe I ever was in a position like this before. I hope you'll forgive me for coming up—I don't know what made me do it—but, really, circumstances should alter cases, sometimes."

She was having a great deal of unnecessary trouble with a tiny valise strap, but managed to hear.

The train was about to stop. She arose.

"You are not going to get off here?" His surprise was genuine.

"Of course. What would your cousin think of a guest who deserted her at the critical moment?"

"Why, I'm not deserting. I wish—" he paused and began thinking.

"I suspect I'll have to see you again," she said. He was following her to the door. "And I'll try not to keep my mouth open all the time."

It was too great a thing to be easily comprehended.

"Can it be—are *you* Laura Weston?" he asked abruptly.

She smiled maliciously at his obtuseness. "I'll be so introduced, unless you—you—desert."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he muttered under his breath. Then, "One must do one's duty," he quoted meaningly.

—CLIFFORD KELLY, '22.

What They Call Us

—o—

Oh, did you ever chance to be
At chapel exercises,
When visitors had come to see
Our famous enterprise?

Oh, it's a treat most great and rare
To hear the rich recitals
Of those who face the "lassies fair,"
And hand them out strange titles.

They're simply "scared to death," they say,
And yet they're quite de-e-lighted!
But if they start to talk or pray,
'Tis plain they are excited.

Some seem to think we're mermaids rare,
They speak of a "sea of faces;"
"Gazelles" they call us, when they dare
To view our outdoor races.

Upon the stairs we're "angels bright,
Ascending and descending;"
They say when they see that lovely sight,
"On you our city's depending!"

Why love each one our school so dear,
Who through our doorway passes?
It's just because they're gathered here
"Augusta's bonny lasses."

—K. CRAWFORD, '24.

The "Reds" of Tubman

—o—

One day this year
A maid with auburn hair
Conceived a "bright" idea,

From this came our little club,
Which "Titian" we did dub,
With membership from Senior to Sub.

But of all members this true:
They have hair of that brilliant hue
Called auburn or red, one of the two.

About our doings, "mum's the word;"
We're a secret society as you've heard,
But I'll tell you a thing or two that's occurred.

Our initiation is heaps of fun,
Though the goats are not sorry when it is done,
And of jolly good times we are having a ton.

We have a serious purpose, too—
Laugh if you want to—that is true;
But what it is we'll never tell *you*.

So, girls, if your hair is red,
You may join the Titian Club, as I've said;
If not—with henna anoint your head.

TITIAN CLUB

"Oh That I Had Hair
Of Henna Hue!"



The Invisible Man

—o—

IT was midnight. The dormitory had at last settled down to perfect quiet, and the last light had been cautiously put out. The various articles which had covered the transoms and filled the cracks under the doors, so placed to fool the proctors, had been carefully removed. Betty and I just could not sleep; it was such a "stuffy" night. Then, too, I had a funny feeling—perhaps you have felt it sometimes yourself. I felt sure that something exciting was going to happen. I was just about to speak my thoughts to Betty, when, "Binnie," she said, "I feel as if something were going to happen." The clock downstairs in the hall struck twelve in a slow, monotonous tone. How quiet it seemed!

Then, suddenly, we heard a piercing scream, seeming to come from the third floor; then another from the second floor. The shivers ran up my spine—and down again. I sprang from my bed, near the window, to Betty's which I know is at least six feet away, and there we clung together. We could hear more screams, yelling back and forth, from room to room, and the scramble and scurry of many feet. Suddenly, Betty and I sprang simultaneously to the floor. Grabbing our bathrobes we tore out into the hall and there, at the other end of the hall, near the head of the front stairs, was a crowd of girls.

Such commotion as we saw! Here, a girl clad in pale, pink pajamas, trying to have hysterics prettily; there, another making a hasty exit to the lower floor by sliding down the banisters, with the ends of a vari-colored kimona flapping in the rear. Everywhere, girls, yelling, talking, and whispering; some in bathrobes, some in kimonas, and others in pajamas; with hair in curlers, or braids, or hanging loose.

We raced down the hall to the very center of the mob. There is something that has been puzzling me ever since. Why does everyone ask questions at the same time, when they know that no one is being heard? Well, I haven't found the answer yet. Betty and I did our share. I think I asked the most for I have been told many times that my middle name was "question-box." "Who screamed?" and "What was it?" were echoed by everyone. No one seemed to have a definite answer. "I heard some one say that somebody told them that they saw a man run down the hall," was about the most definite.

Into this scene stalked Mrs. Condin, the matron. Here is another question. Why can't girls love or even *like* their matron? It seems as if I am always thinking questions that can't be answered. Utter silence greeted her. "Snoopy," that is what we called her behind her back, now held the floor and she beat me at asking questions. After she had asked everything that had been asked before and received the same answers, greatly exaggerated, she ordered us to our rooms. By this time "Jimmie" Owens was quite sure that she had seen a man, and Kay Hampton said she saw him as he reached the back stairs, and he had curly hair.

So we went to our rooms or, to be more exact, we went within a safe distance of them so we could reach them if "Snoopy" were seen approaching. Finally, it was whispered, that she had been exploring the lower floor, and was on the way up stairs to do the same on our floor. We just had time to get settled in bed and hide "Sally" Baker, who happened to be in our room, under Betty's bed when in stalked "Snoopy." In one hand she carried a flash light, in the other a revolver. You can't imagine how ridiculous she looked, in a kimona which was every color of the rainbow (she has awful taste) with her hair done up in curlers and a pair of red bedroom slippers, badly worn, adorning her feet. However, I couldn't even smile over the sight, for I was trembling with fear for "Sally" under the bed. That flash-light meant "persnickity" inspection. Well, the first thing she did was to investigate the closets; then with the use of the flashlight she explored under my bed, and then—started toward Betty's.

"There is n-no onder m-my b-bed," stammered Betty. "Don't bother to l-look under it."

Snoopy had a suspicion! I saw it in her eyes. She flashed the light under the bed and drew "Sally" out by her long braids; then she pushed her out into the hall with many threats about what would happen tomorrow. Poor "Sally"! Snoopy asked us numerous questions but, getting no satisfaction from our answers, she left. But, before she left, now this is the truth, she flashed the light under the bureau. The minute she got outside the door, Betty and I burst out laughing. It really was ridiculous, this looking for a man under every bed and—bureau.

Oh! what a time we had getting up the next morning, having had only a few hours sleep. But we had to do it, and it was a sleepy lot of girls that went down to breakfast that morning. Betty and I sat next to "Snoopy" at breakfast, and as I wanted to hear her opinions of the night's escapade, I asked her a few questions on the subject. Well, she proceeded to tell me the whole story, as she had gathered it, bit by bit, from the girls.

She said that a man was seen running along the front hall of the third floor. He was then seen running down the back stairs to the first floor, where he climbed out of an unlocked window near the stairs. He had curly red hair and light eyes, did not wear a mask, and wore no coat. He disappeared in a car which had been driven close to the "dorm." No one knew who he was or where he went. That was to be found out.

At supper that night it was announced that the campus would be guarded and extra lights would be burned on the lower floor, all night. This added to the excitement. Was it a burglar or—well, what *could* it be?

* * * * *

It was just three weeks later, and "date" night. Tom and Kirk were out of town, so Betty and I had no dates for that night. I craved excitement and Betty admitted that she did, too, so we determined to do *something* to amuse ourselves. We finally decided to watch the "dates," and eight-thirty found us lying flat on our stomachs, at the head of the stairs on the second floor. Through the banisters we could see the couples, sitting around the parlor, trying not to look bored, but not succeeding.

But what interested us most was the couple in the hall, sitting together on a wicker bench near the stairs. It was "Margie" and "Bob" Carpenter, not

an unfamiliar sight. "Margie" and "Bob" have gone together ever since they were knee high to a pan-cake, and she has worn his frat pin for ages. We could look right down on them and hear every word they said, without their detecting us.

"We are in for a good time," I whispered to Betty. She nodded her head, implying "yes."

At first the conversation between "Margie" and "Bob" was more or less general and uninteresting, but it was quite evident that "Bob" was leading up to something. Then, suddenly, "Margie, do you know anything about the man who got in the 'dorm'?" asked "Bob."

"Yes," replied "Margie." "Do you want to know the truth?"

"Sure," was the reply.

Betty and I pricked up our ears: here was some excitement!

"Well," said "Margie," "there wasn't any man."

"What!" exclaimed "Bob."

At the same instant, I nearly tumbled down the stairs from surprise, but Betty caught me. "You'd better stuff your handkerchief in your mouth," she whispered, "it may be funny." We had each brought one along in case of such an emergency, so we did as she suggested.

"No," "Margie" was saying, "there wasn't."

"W-well," stammered "Bob."

"I'll tell you all about it," interrupted "Margie." "This is the way it happened. 'Morphine' Dunham and I ("Morphine" is "Margie's" inseparable) craved excitement that evening, so we decided that at twelve o'clock I should run out into the hall on the third floor and scream. Then as soon as she heard me scream she should follow suit on the second. Well, as you know," continued "Margie," "we did it." (Here I nudged Betty and she returned it.)

"Then of course everyone came running out into the hall. By that time I had gone back to my room and paraded out a few minutes later, asking questions to avoid suspicion. Well, the whole story originated and grew, through many vivid imaginations and exaggerations," "Margie" concluded.

"Well, I guess you got your excitement!" said "Bob."

At that instant the "dates over" bell rang and in the confusion of "good-nights," Betty and I slipped back to our room feeling a great deal wiser than when we left it. There, we made an agreement that we would not tell a soul, and to this day, most of the girls and matron are ignorant of the circumstances. Mrs. Condin still tells of the "burglar" in Chandoin Hall. There is just one more question that puzzles me: "How can people have such vivid imaginations?"

—MARY BRISCOE.

A Tribute to Professor Garrett

(With Apologies to Goldsmith)

—o—

Beside 'yon straggling fence that skirts the "Way,"
With girls abloom, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
Professor Garrett taught Old Tubman School.
A man most dear to all, both kind and true,
We loved him well and every girl he knew ;
'Twas only seldom did the lazy laggards trace
The day's disaster in his kindly face,
And seldom did we pass the word along
"Watch your step; the Master got up wrong,"
For he was kind and if at all severe,
'Twas just to make us bow to art and shed a tear.

—K. WIGGINS, '25.

A SENIOR ANTHOLOGY

In history Louise is always good,
Miss Flisch can't say her brain is
wood,
In fact in all her studies, she
Is just as good as good can be.

—卐—

Agee's good in any game;
Her path is joined to heights of fame.
She basket balls and hockeys well,
But her secret of strength she'll
never tell.

—卐—

Margaret Blichington is plump and
sweet,
She's one big smile from head to feet.
Her hair is light; her skin is too,
And girls like her are surely few.

—卐—

Esther B. is fond of learning;
To Europe maybe she's returning,
Spanish she would like to know;
Perhaps to Spain she wants to go.

—卐—

Agnes Bohler's as cute as can be,
She's just a little girl from Senior C.
She got her a beau with her winning
ways;
They together take in all the plays.

—卐—

You can't say that Anna's simple,
Just because she has that dimple;
For the knowledge she imparts
Is a joy to her teachers' hearts.

Dorothy Bredenberg with hair so
long
Has never yet answered wrong.
And when she says, "don't cha know,"
Her thoughts are going quick and
slow.

—卐—

Helen Brenner is tall and slow;
Her collars are high; her skirts are
low;
She's just as pleasant as she can be,
Go with her now and you will see.

—卐—

Myrtice Brown is a shy little miss,
Never known to take a kiss! (?)
She is as timid as she is fair,
And oh! what wonderful dark brown
hair.

—卐—

Rosabel Burch in a Ford does ride;
Some one else sits by her side;
Although she's fat and clever too,
She makes a hit with quite a few.

—卐—

A Cannon there is in Senior "C,"
A girl who's clever as she can be;
At typewriting letters she's hard to
beat,
Success in life she'll surely meet.

—卐—

Alberta can smile for weeks and
weeks,
For she is big with rosy cheeks.
Her hair's as black as any coal,
And basket-ball must be her goal.

A SENIOR ANTHOLOGY

Elizabeth Carrere, meek and mild,
 Gives "excuses" all the while;
 Where'er she'll come or where she'll
 go,
 She'll give excuses as before.

—卐—

Myrtle Churchill to the wordly eye
 Would seem to be both good and shy.
 But her friends in cooking sing a dif-
 ferent tune,
 They have seen her wield a fork and
 spoon.

—卐—

Ella Clarke is an all-around sport,
 She can drive her Ford into any port.
 She sure is sweet and clever too,
 And people know she's real true blue.

—卐—

Ruth Cooper, attractive, charming,
 lovable,
 So all the boys believe;
 If you don't study harder,
 In June you'll grieve.

—卐—

There are girls of various character
 Who climb the knowledge tree,
 But the one that's sure to reach the
 top
 Is neat little Annie B.

—卐—

Eloise Davidson with eyes so blue,
 Would make a friend both kind and
 true.
 The light of joy is in her eyes,
 Let's us know that she is wise.

Edna Davis of Senior C
 Is just as nice as she can be,
 But when her temper is up, I fear,
 She'll let you know that she is there.

—卐—

O. Melville Doughty is a poet,
 And I'm quite sure that we all know
 it.
 For talks in chapel, too, she has fame,
 She has our support e'er her aim.

—卐—

Elinor Elliot drives her car,
 She's never known to go too far.
 Although she's watched by many an
 eye,
 Still she's bashful, timid and shy.

—卐—

Mildred Gardner is clever and fair,
 Brilliancy reigns in the color of her
 hair;
 Although she is both quiet and slow
 Her walk will surely win her a beau.

—卐—

Bessie Belle Gilchrist, so they say,
 Toils over lessons every day;
 Hard she works, her reward to win,
 Conquering chemistry and Lat-in.

—卐—

Carolyn Gilchrist comes over the hill,
 A good long way in order to fill
 Her thirsty soul at the Pierian
 spring
 Where Muses to her knowledge bring.

A SENIOR ANTHOLOGY

We like Kathleen who's never mean
And always knows her lesson
To have her in our Senior Class!
We're thankful for the blessin'.

— 卍 —

Irene Grusin is sweet and fair
And when you see her pretty hair,
You'll say she is the rarest girl
On this side of the big round world.

— 卍 —

An early bird is Josie Hall,
For every morn she's heard to call
"Moses, Moses, come open the gate
For I'm afraid I'll be terribly late."

— 卍 —

Pauline has brown eyes and hair
Oh! she's so very fair;
She'll surely get you in a snare,
Oh boys! Oh boys! Beware! Beware!

— 卍 —

If you say there's no talent in that
class
You'll make a mistake and surely
pass
Without thought the pride of our
ring
Blanche Harrison, who studies to
learn to sing.

— 卍 —

Mary Henry is smart, of course,
Her brilliance comes from many a
source.
Her wit and sense will long remain,
For she will always have the brain.

Edna Hutchinson, it would seem
Is hard to beat in an oral theme;
The teachers think she's quite divine
For, in her work, she's always fine.

— 卍 —

Of all the things that are in books,
Mattie does know a lot;
She can answer at once, with a pleas-
ant smile
Things we others have forgot.

— 卍 —

Mildred Jennings likes our teacher;
This is her most prominent feature;
Every where that Mildred goes
Who is with her? Everyone knows.

— 卍 —

Clifford Kelly pretty and sweet,
Has all the boys at her feet.
She ought to try with all her might
To conquer lessons—if it takes all
night.

— 卍 —

Ruth Kitchens has a kind, sweet face,
She carries herself with gentle grace.
In this world she'll win much fame,
And leave it taking a worthy name.

— 卍 —

Dessie Kuhlke has a charming grace
Her smartness in books reflects on
her face.
Like Robert E. Lee she has made her
name;
She has gained high honor and a
great deal of fame.

A SENIOR ANTHOLOGY

Eleanor Lanham is her name
 Who has acquired so very much fame,
 By playing the part of the wonderful
 Bob,
 That she's almost as noted as Au-
 gusta's Ty Cobb.

—卐—

Esther Lichtenstein you all know,
 Who leaving the class room is very
 slow;
 She's the jolliest in the class,
 She's always such a smiling lass.

—卐—

Sweet sixteen—Miss Dora's pet,
 A cuter girl you've never met.
 An actress, surely will be Inez
 If you don't believe it, wait and see.

—卐—

On the very front seat, at the tech-
 er's feet,
 Sits Miss Elizabeth Marsh,
 With her quiet smile, she does beguile,
 To her they can't be harsh.

—卐—

"Where there's a will there's a way,"
 To Gracewood she'll go some day,
 Elizabeth Matthews, neat and trim,
 Thinks each day always of—school.

—卐—

Frances Mathews is grave in looks;
 Her arms are always full of books,
 But if you'd hear her tell a joke,
 You'd laugh until you'd nearly choke.

Vera McGowen of Senior C
 Wears her dress above her knee.
 When you see her on the stage,
 You have to say she's all the rage.

—卐—

Dorothy always is so Merry,
 She's very fond of her dear Perry.
 Miss Dora likes her—lucky girl—
 Even though her hair won't curl.

—卐—

Miss Ruth Miller
 In class no one could be stiller.
 She listens with care, and a serious
 air
 While the teachers with knowledge
 fill her.

—卐—

Josie Milligan is just the girl
 To set a boy's heart awlirl,
 She'll agree with you on anything,
 Friends to her this point will bring.

—卐—

Elizabeth Mobley, good dancer,
 Good swimmer, all round athlete,
 But in French and Chemistry
 Her knowledge is—petite.

—卐—

Amelia Mohrman is full of life;
 All study to her is sure a strife.
 She's very particular about her looks,
 I think she'd do better if she studied
 her books.

A SENIOR ANTHOLOGY

Calm and quiet is this girl
When the rest are in a whirl.
Lila Morris is the one I mean;
With Avice Smith she's always seen.

—卐—

Bessie Moye greets you with smiling
face;
She's tall and handsome and full of
grace.
She's not an athlete nor can she sing,
But she's always exempt in every-
thing.

—卐—

Evelina Muleay though somewhat fat
Is an all round sport, be sure of that;
She seems to me a mighty good friend
One on whom you can always depend.

—卐—

Nonie Mullins is true and fair,
And girls like that are very rare.
In history class she is so bright,
Her answers there are always right.

—卐—

Yes, her name is Mildred O'Neal
And I'm quite sure she doesn't feel
That she should hide her pretty curls,
When they're as pretty as any pearls.

—卐—

Montine Pardue will soon return
To Johnson from whence she came.
Although I know he'll be so thrilled
We'll miss her just the same.

Eleanor Patch has curly hair;
She's always willing to do her share.
She's little and bright and sweet and
smart;
We wonder who has caught her heart.

—卐—

Whether you're young or old and
hoary,
And like to hear and enjoy a story,
Then Comer Phillips is the girl
To set you laughing in a whirl.

—卐—

Felicia Ransey so stylish and neat
At driving a Ford she can't be beat
The study of bugs she likes the best
Because it is taught by Francis L.
West.

—卐—

After much effort Charlie Mac learn-
ed history;
That study which seems to be such a
mystery.
She tells Miss Flisch she would if she
could;
Miss Flisch says her brains are
Scattered-good.

—卐—

Marguerite Scott is very sweet,
A girl whom every one likes to meet,
Her hair is brown with a permanent
wave,
Something that all of the other girls
crave.

—卐—

Saphronia Scott is not
A Hottentot. Then what?
A Senior who knows a lot, about the
geometry dot;
This our friend, Saphronia Scott.

A SENIOR ANTHOLOGY

Terpsichore, Muse of the dance,
Is Frances—quite petite.
Though her mind is always in a
trance,
Well knows she how to use her feet.

—§—

Josephine Sibley is sort of tall
And in her lessons never does fall.
She has pretty hair and nice ways,
too,
We think she's ever so fine Don't you?

—§—

Sarah B. Simmons is jolly and gay
She does her lessons every day.
She's just as sweet as she can be
Look her up and you will see.

—§—

In Senior C is Lillian Skinner,
I wonder what lad is trying to win
her?

When she's around she's never heard;
Her motto is, "Action speaks louder
than word."

—§—

If out for a frolic or hard at work
There is nothing that Avice Smith
would shirk.

She spends her time in puffing her
hair
And yet for her lessons she has great
care.

—§—

Helen Smith's a tiny mite,
But full of fun and cute and bright.
She studies late—burning midnight
oil,
But powers that be, don't appreciate
toil.

Lucille Steinberg is very slow;
In her studies she makes no show.
She's happy-go-lucky and likes to
talk,
I hope with fortune she'll always
walk.

—§—

Ethel Stone is a very shy lass,
But in her studies she will pass.
If you knew this girl, then you would
see
That a nicer one there couldn't be.

—§—

Though she has freckles on her face,
Each separate one I'd call a grace.
Her character belies her name,
Martha Story will be written in the
Hall of Fame.

—§—

Virginia Sturman, she's a tiny mite,
Slim in wrath, and short in height.
Her hair is dark and her eyes are
brown,
And we never, never see her frown.

—§—

Katheryn Twiggs is, oh, so slow;
This, of course, all at Tubman know;
When to school she comes in late,
A sad, sad tale she will relate.

—§—

Elise Van Pelt has lovely hair,
Her eyes and skin are bright and fair,
She plays her bells with perfect time,
I sure do bet she will like this . . .

A SENIOR ANTHOLOGY

Dora Vlachos, the dark-haired maid,
From far across the sea,
Will surely win for herself success
In whatever place she may chance to
be.

— 卐 —

“Happy” in heart,
“Happy” in mind;
“Happy,” “Happy,”
All the time.

— 卐 —

Luey Watkins in Senior C
Is just as smart as she can be.
Her hair is black as the starless
night;
When it comes to books she sure is
bright.

Good dancer, good talker, good
Senior all round;
Are the traits of Loretta that al-
ways are found.
Watson, Watson, rah! rah! rah!
Watson, Watson, “Sis!” boom! bah!

— 卐 —

Dorothy Wheeler, “Silence is gol-
den,” as I am told,
Dot will be rich when she grows old.
Although she is so very shy
She has a mischievous look in her eye.

— 卐 —

In her books she's very smart,
But, Oh, how good she is in art!
This girl we know is Florence White
The one who likes to do what's right.

— 卐 —

Maudell Wren's greatest delight
Is going to town with Tommie White.
But with her books this makes no
change,
She's always on her highest range.

Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

—o—

JACK GRENVILLE was probably the shyest man that had ever reached the age of twenty. At any rate, Tech could not boast of having had a like phenomenon in its history: Jack was a Senior, had a good collection of French novels, and yet—had never called on a girl! “Jack’s a pretty good ole chap. He has some good qualities,” the fellows would say, but I am confident these qualities would have been unknown, and Jack would have “wasted his sweetness on the desert air” if he hadn’t possessed a certain magic in kicking goals. Although quiet and uninteresting, he won the toleration of his class mates by this remarkable talent.

Jack’s aunt who had raised him from childhood, was principal of Grenville Academy for Young Ladies. During the Christmas holidays she insisted that he visit her at the school. Thinking all the young ladies would be home for the holidays, he felt quite safe in consenting to come. The thought that some lived too far to go home did not penetrate his skull.

He was in his aunt’s old room (she had moved to the left wing), enjoying a naughty French novel (an accomplishment he had acquired at Tech) when there was a tap at the door. Jack became suddenly nervous. He half unconsciously rose and was in the act of locking the door when he recovered his senses and contented himself with burying his nose in his book and calling not too coaxingly, “Come in.”

A pretty, impish looking girl came in. Jack had a curious desire to crawl under the bed or to jump out the window, but the fire escape was locked and he felt an undisputable loyalty to his neck.

“Where’s Miss Grenville?” asked Mary.

“Er—ah—er, I don’t—er—know. Thank you—thank you—thank—” and it seemed as if something were wrong with his tongue: somehow it just wouldn’t behave. To his confusion the horrid young lady giggled.

“Can you lend me some vanishing cream?” she asked.

“On the dresser,” was the maximum of speech he could let loose just then.

“But this is cold cream. I want vanishing cream—the kind that makes the powder stick on your face. Won’t you help me find Miss Grenville’s vanishing cream?” she said with maddening sweetness.

He leaned against a chair to keep from fainting. He revived when the devilish young lady announced that she had found it. He thought Dame Fortune had fallen for him, but when his tormentor said: “I’ll bring back your

vanishing cream in a minute," he realized that fickle Fortune had only shot him a line.

That afternoon, Jack was in his room (his aunt's old room) dressing or rather undressing for a swim. Although Mary had not yet returned the vanishing cream, he had failed to lock the door. He had just reached that stage of undress where a man resembles a prize fighter when someone knocked. He was panic stricken. Why hadn't that awful Mary chosen a more convenient time to return that odious vanishing cream? At the south end of the room he saw a door he had never noticed. He made a dive for it, lost his balance and fell—not in a closet as he expected, but—into the back yard where several girls were playing base ball!

He was in a frightful predicament. Should he remain with this bunch of girls or return to that terrible one who was worse than a bunch? A cold breeze decided his fate; it *was warmer* inside.

He entered the fatal door and there was—his aunt who said, "Jack, when we changed rooms I left some things behind. Have you seen my vanishing cream?"

—COMER PHILLIPS, '22.

“Tubman Rhymes”

—o—

A Senior, forlorn—er—
 Sat in a corner—
 Exams were drawing nigh!
 She stuck in her thumb—er—
 And pulled a diploma,
 And said, “What a good girl am I!”

* * * *

Little Miss Cram lost her exam
 And couldn't tell where to find it.
 Leave it alone, and it will come home
 And bring its sad “tale” behind it.

* * * *

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of lunch,
 Eating in the building, along with all the “bunch.”
 Mr. Garrett softly enters, reports them with a grin—,
 Now wasn't that a dainty fix to get poor Seniors in?

* * * *

Humpty dumpty talked in the hall,
 Humpty dumpty had a great fall.
 All the king's horses and all the king's men
 Couldn't put Humpty together again.

—MELVILLE B. DOUGHTY, '22.

“Our Able Assistants”



Emma Plunkett, jack-of-all-trades,
Is director of all of our plays;
She is petite and masculine
And as a hero she's divine.

Mrs. Parks

On account of illness, it has been impossible to get her picture for our annual. Mrs. Parks is the manager of the indispensable lunch room at Tubman, and we cannot neglect to express our whole-hearted appreciation to her for the wonderful success that she has made of it. We sincerely wish for her recovery, and we anxiously wait for her return to Tubman.



Louise Wilson
She's charming, she's witty,
She's bright, and she's pretty,
She's assistant to T. Harry
Garrett.



Leah White
Everyone at Tubman
Knows Leah White.
Everyone knows just the same
She makes us all *typeright!*

Do You Suppose-----

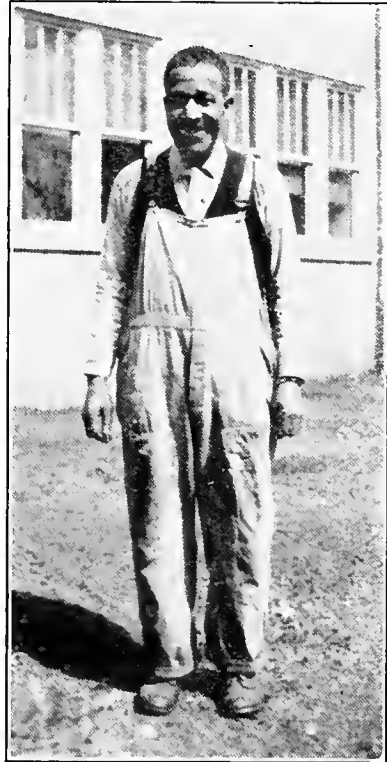
—o—

- Miss Hamilton and Miss Russell will ever find a beau?
Katherine Twiggs will get a "dip"?
Elizabeth Mobley will ever learn French?
Irene Grusen will ever stop begging for A+'s?
Josie Hall ever stops giggling?
Miss Page will ever cease talking in an unknown language to her French class?
Miss Comey will ever stop walking at the rate of sixty miles an hour, (especially to the office to hand in "yellow cards")?
Miss Louise Parks ever gets angry?
Mary Henry ever forgets to study?
Alberta Caspary will ever get thin?
Dorothy Bradenberg will ever "fix up her hair"?
The teachers will stop parking on Clifford's attitude?
Lucy Watkins will ever weigh 100?
Margaret Blitchington will ever attain the "height" of her ambition?
Elizabeth Carrere will ever get to school on time?
A whole mirror will ever grace the locker room?
A person exists who can decipher Frances Sherman's penmanship?
There is a Tubman girl who has not read the "Sheik"?
Josie Milligan will cease to be the apple of "Adam's" eye?
Katherine Kirkland will ever get her teeth adjusted?
Felicia Ransey could hurry to class (or elsewhere)?
Mildred Jennings will forget the "West"?
Annie B. walks the baby?
Vera will ever stop looking like a Sub and resemble a dignified Senior?
Inez Lyon will ever be able to pronounce words of more than two syllables?
Sis will ever stop "a' wearing o' the green"?
Mr. Garrett and Miss Flisch will ever agree on the "Suffrage Question"?

“Familiar Faces”



Mose, Mose, mows the lawn;
He gets here at the break of dawn;
His work is fine, we all admit;
At Tubman School he makes a hit.



Austin, Austin, is a good old sport;
He always marks off the tennis court.
In all his work you'll surely say,
He does his best day by day.



Eva, Mattie, Minnie,
Queens of the Lunch Room, three,
They know how to wield a mop and broom
Wherever they chance to be.



The world is old yet likes to laugh;
 New jokes are hard to find:
 Sometimes a well put gaff
 Won't tickle every mind:
 So if I pull some ancient joke
 Decked out in modern guise,
 Don't frown and sagely croak,
 Just laugh—don't be too wise.

* * *

Teacher: "What people lived during the middle ages?"

Student: "Middle aged people I suppose."

* * *

First Senior: "I don't want the bones in my neck to show in my picture."

Second Senior: "That's all right; Mr. Sales will take them out."

* * *

Sub, mournfully: "I gotta know."

'Nother: "You did? I thought 'E' was the lowest mark."—Ex.

* * *

Wash Failed to Come In!

Miss Russell was seen in Miss Abernathy's jumper and sweater!

* * *

"I have found the enemy and they are *hours*," muttered the student who was arranging his schedule.

* * *

He: "Are you trying to make a fool of me?"

She: "No—I never interfere with nature."

* * *

Men are naturally grammatical.
 Yes?

When they see an abbreviated skirt they always look after it for a period.

* * *

Miss Woods: "When does a book become a classic?"

Elizabeth Carrere: "When its read in school."

(Some one wants to know if the Sheik is a classic.)

Miss Flisch, talking about the Declaration of Independence: "Who suggested it?"

Out of the silence, a still, small voice: "I did."

* * *

Miss Woods: "Mattie, what does Lady Macbeth mean by the 'damned spot'?"

Mattie: "I don't know anything about the damn spot."

* * *

Mr. Cordle says he can teach French better at night.

Who's the pupil?

* * *

Class Stones

Sub-Freshman	Soapstone
Freshman	Emerald
Sophomore	Blarney
Junior	Grindstone
Senior	Tombstone
Post-Graduate	Solitaire (?)

* * *

Hard on the Old Boy

While reviewing the "Sir Roger De Coverly Papers" Miss Comey asked for obsolete words. After several had been given, Deryl Wolfe spoke: "Miss Comey, isn't Dryden one?"

* * *

Sayings of Famous Students

You can study some of your lessons all of the time, and all of your lessons some of the time, but show me the girl that can study all of her lessons all of the time!

Give me geometry and give me death.

Millions for lunch but not one cent for street car fare. (When you can get a ride.)

Speech was given to Tubman girls to conceal their ignorance.

After exams comes a reckoning.

Learning is silver; remembering is gold.

All that shines is not brilliancy.

There's many a slip twixt resolution and fulfillment.

Tests never come singly.

A girl is known by the dates she keeps.

Necessity is the mother of fabrication.

A glib tongue and a carefree air often hide an aching heart.

* * *

Miss Flisch: "Miss Carrere, how did the pioneers cross the mountains."

Elizabeth: "I guess they went in boats."

* * *

Mr. Garrett, entering 27: "Miss Woods—er—pardon me, Miss Page; I seem to have changed your name."

Miss Page, coyly: "I didn't know you could do that Mr. Garrett."

* * *

"What's the masculine for laundress?"

"Chinaman."—Ex.

* * *

Prof.: "Decline love, Miss Jones."

Miss Jones: "Decline love, prof.?
Not me!"

* * *

Popular Fiction

"Let Bygones Be," by Gones.

"Yes" by George.

"Rock A" by Baby.

"The Fly" by Night.

"Man Cannot Live" by Bread A. Lone.

"Not" by A. Jugful.

"Do It" by Hooker Crook.

"Missed" by A. Mile.

* * *

During basket ball practice, Miss Briscoe advised one of the forwards to, "Dribble to the side and shoot yourself."

Miss Holley: "Have you a question, Katherine?"

Katherine: "No'm, I just want to ask you something."

* * *

Miss Holley: "Take propositions 13 and 15."

Irene: "Miss Holley, where is proposition 14?"

Miss Holley: "Why, between 13 and 15."

* * *

The Freshmen were greatly amused Feb. 23 when Mildred O'Neal "kicked the bucket." (Mose left a bucket under one of the seats in chapel.)

* * *

Miss Comey: "What is the mood of 'The Raven'?"

Sara: "Subjunctive."

* * *

When asked about her plans for the future, Miss West tells us she is going to keep house for "Mama."

* * *

Miss Page: "Louise, what is 'd'eau'?"

Louise: "Money."

* * *

Mrs. Green, in Fresh Civics: "What is a caueus?"

Fresh: "A caucus is something that looks like a turtle."

* * *

Some Beau

Miss West: "Minnie, what on earth are you fidgiting so about?"

Minnie: "Well, Miss West, I've lost my bow."

Frances: "No, you haven't; here's your bow on my lap."

* * *

Miss Eve: "How do you measure gas?"

Ruth Burnett: "By the quarter."

Mary: "Can you get shocked by a telephone?"

Miss Eve: "It depends on whom you are talking to."

* * *

Teacher: "Mary, what is the Justice of Peace?"

Mary: "The Justice of Peace is a piece of justice."

* * *

Curses on that fateful day

I joined that history class.

I thought I surely had a "crip,"

But now I say, Alas!

* * *

Senior: "I thought you took that math last term."

Junior: "I did but I was so good the faculty encored me."

* * *

Jimmie: "May I hold your hand for a second?"

Dot: "How will you know when the second is up?"

Jimmie: "Oh! I'll need a second hand for that."

* * *

Du Francais!

Miss Page: "Doris, does that agree?"

Doris: "No, it's a woman." (Meaning it's feminine.)

* * *

Fresh (writing a theme): "Say, does a prune grow on a tree?"

Friend: "Nope, you fish, it grows on a vine like a banana."

* * *

Senior: "Fresh, what makes you so small?"

Fresh: "They raised me on canned milk and I'm condensed."—Ex.

* * *

Prof.: "What would you call a man who pretends to know everything?"

Fresh: "A professor."

He: "We are coming to a tunnel—are you afraid?"

She: "No, if you take that cigarette out of your mouth."

* * *

Teacher: "How many kinds of poetry are there?"

Student: "Three."

Teacher: "Name them."

Student: "Lyric, dramatic, and epidemic."

* * *

Wise Soph to ignorant Crush: "Je t'adore!"

Crush (unromantically): "Aw, shut it yourself!"

* * *

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,

Old Adam called her wo-man.

But when she woo'd with love so kind,

He then pronounced it woo-man.

But row with folly and with pride,

Their husbands' pockets brimming,

The ladies are so full of whims

That people call them whim-men.

—Ex.

* * *

Laura: "Oh, Ruth! I'm so thrilled. I don't have to take my algebra exam."

Ruth: "Grand! I didn't know you were exempt."

Laura: "I'm not. I flunked my dailies."

* * *

There's a Reason Why—

Anna E. and Annie B. want to go to Agnes Scott.

Eleanor Walton is Happy.

Bessie Balk's when it comes to flowers.

The teachers call us brainless.

We love the Garrett.

Florence is White while Mary is Brown and Sadie is Green.

Inez should join the circus. (Not so deep as it might seem; she's a Lyon.)

The Freshmen inform us that Columbus discovered America in 1783. Also that Georgia is in the Rocky Mountains.

* * *

Here's to the Tubman "Subs"
Whose path seems strewn with snubs,
May we not always be "Subs,"
But ever loyal "Tubs."

* * *

If the Mississippi is the father of waters, why don't they call it the Mistersippi?

* * *

Vera, giving an oral theme: "That night they ate in silence."

Miss Comey: "Don't use such a bookish expression."

Vera: "Well, that night they ate with their mouths shut."

* * *

Question on Junior English Exam:
Form the plural of loaf.

Answer: Loafers.

* * *

I asked him if he kissed his girls:

He said he'd never tried.

Just then I tried to hide a smile,

And now I know he lied.

* * *

A question asked on Feb. 2: "Mr. Garrett, what is a ground-hog?"

"Sausage."

* * *

Latin is a language,

(At least it used to be),

First it killed the Romans,

And now it's killing me.

* * *

May: "How did Mary get through her exams so fast?"

Alice: "She didn't get through."

* * *

Charlie: "Freddie, you look like the Arrow Collar man."

Freddie (conceitedly): "Thanks, I wish I could return the compliment."

Charlie: "You could if you would tell as big a lie as I did."

* * *

Preparing for test on Shakespeare,
First Girl: "When was Shakespeare's first work published?"

Second Girl: "In 1912."

* * *

Absent-minded girl writing secretary's report: "What is the name of the English book we study in history?"

* * *

Soph: "We're going to have a half-holiday tomorrow."

Fresh: "Why?"

Soph: "Why for General Lee, of course."

Fresh (absent-mindedly): "Well I wish they would have a holiday for General Science."

* * *

Extract from theme on Whittier: "Whittier was born in America once when his parents were traveling abroad. He had many fast friends, but the fastest were Alice and Phoebe Cary."

* * *

Emma (viewing statue-poses of Miss Fleisch's play): "What have I missed?"

A Soph: "The Dream."

Emma: "What's this? The nightmare?"

*The folks who think our jokes are bum,
Would surely change their views,
If they'd compare the jokes we print
With those that we refuse.*

Things That Make Us Tired

—o—

Afternoon classes.

Chemical Equations.

“Discuss fully—”

“Eh bien—”

“This is an English Laboratory Period.”

“Columbia University graduates.”

Sarcasm (chemistry department please note!)

Bobbed hair and rainy days.

A. R. C. glee club practices and “Jasper.”

“She Stoops to Conquer.”

One-armed chairs.

Steps to—in History.

Short Stories.

Thirty-minute periods on half-holidays.

“Wholesome sort of fun.”

(Signed) SENIOR B.

“The Flunker’s Schedule”

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
1st PERIOD	TARDY! (Sunday Night Date)	TARDY! BEWARE A. R. C.!!	TARDY! GARBER DAVIS Night Before.	TARDY! The Car Just Would Not Start!	TARDY! Oh! You Medical College!
2nd PERIOD	SLEEPS in English Class	BOOK REPORT! Book Not Read!	READS “SHEIK” In Class.	Oh! Miss Woods, I FORGOT My English.	READS Motion Picture Magazine!
3rd PERIOD	ILL To the Hos- pital Room.....	CARRIES FAINTING GIRL HOME!	USE OF COSMETICS	“GYM!” SPRAINED ANKLE?!	SLEEPS Under Lunch Counter!
4th PERIOD	SENT From CLASS-- Oh! You Chew- ing Gum!	CAUGHT! WRITING NOTES. Yellow Card!	To Library— TO STUDY?!	SLEEPS INSTEAD	LAST DAY OF MONTH— Excuses Not Made Up!
5th PERIOD	“SKIPS” The “SHEIK”	DEAR ME! Miss West, I Forgot.	CAUGHT! EATING IN HALL!	DEAR ME! I’VE LOST MY FRENCH!	“SKIPS” “RODOLPH VALENTINO”
6th PERIOD	IS IN TOWN!	MY LAB BOOK!	I DIDN’T KNOW We Had That!	MOTHER SICK— COULDN’T STUDY.	AGAIN IN TOWN!



Calendar

—o—

- Sept. 19th—School starts—our trouble begins.
- Sept. 20th—Schedule posted.
- Sept. 21st—Above schedule changed.
- Sept. 22nd and 26th—Continued changes in schedule.
- Sept. 27th—Final schedule posted—committee breathes a sigh of relief.
- Oct. 10th-14th—Class meetings. Officers elected.
- Oct. 25th—Money lost in Merchant's Bank — everybody weeping but Juniors weep loudest.
- Nov. 10th—Mr. Garrett talks on Armistice Day—First reports!—Our trouble begins.
- Nov. 11th—First whole holiday—Armistice Day .
- Nov. 15th—Athletic Association membership drive. Excitement over thermometer.
- Nov. 17th—Miss Briscoe wears diamond ring—Who is he?!?!
- Nov. 18th—Basketball teams chosen.
- Nov. 24th-25th—Thansgiving holiday—Oh! but we are thankful for—for the holiday!
- Nov. 28th—School resumed. Much sorrow prevails.
- Dec. 8th—Senior Stunt Day.
- Dec. 9th—Tubman has its first and last movie—Marguerite Clarke in "Prunella."
- Dec. 15th—Gymnasium exhibition.

Dec. 16th—Christmas holiday. Mr. Hickman's present: music, a "sermon" and some good, old apples.

Jan. 2nd—School again! Good things cannot last forever!

Jan. 3rd—Annual Staff chosen.

Jan. 10th—Great scandal! Mr. Garrett caught chewing gum! ! !

Jan. 13th—Tubmapolitan Art given by College-Women's Club.

Jan. 16th—Honor League Drive.

Jan. 18th—Mary Henry had her hair up!

Jan. 19th—Lee's birthday—half holiday.

Jan. 23rd—Miss Woods broke her beads.

Jan. 25th—Exams begin—nuff sed.

Feb. 2nd—Miss West received a corsage of carnations. Mr. Garrett forbids dancing.

Feb. 3rd—Phonograph appears in Mlle. Page's room. Basketball game—T. H. S. vs. Y. W. C. A.

Feb. 6th—New schedule posted! Girls stroll up and down the halls while schedule committee worries about them.

Feb. 17th—"The Perils of Prune Ella."

Feb. 20th—Senior Walking Contest.

Feb. 24th—Mr. Garrett and Miss Flisch discuss thrills in chapel.

Mar. 9th—Second diamond ring—Miss Videtto this time.

April 21st—"The Charm School."

May 30th—Senior Class Day.

June 1st—Exams! *X ! ? !

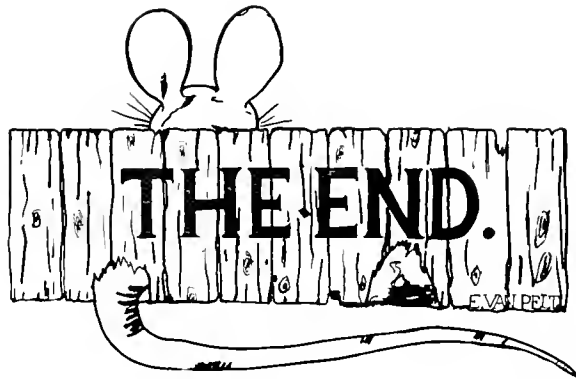
June 11th—Baccalaureate.

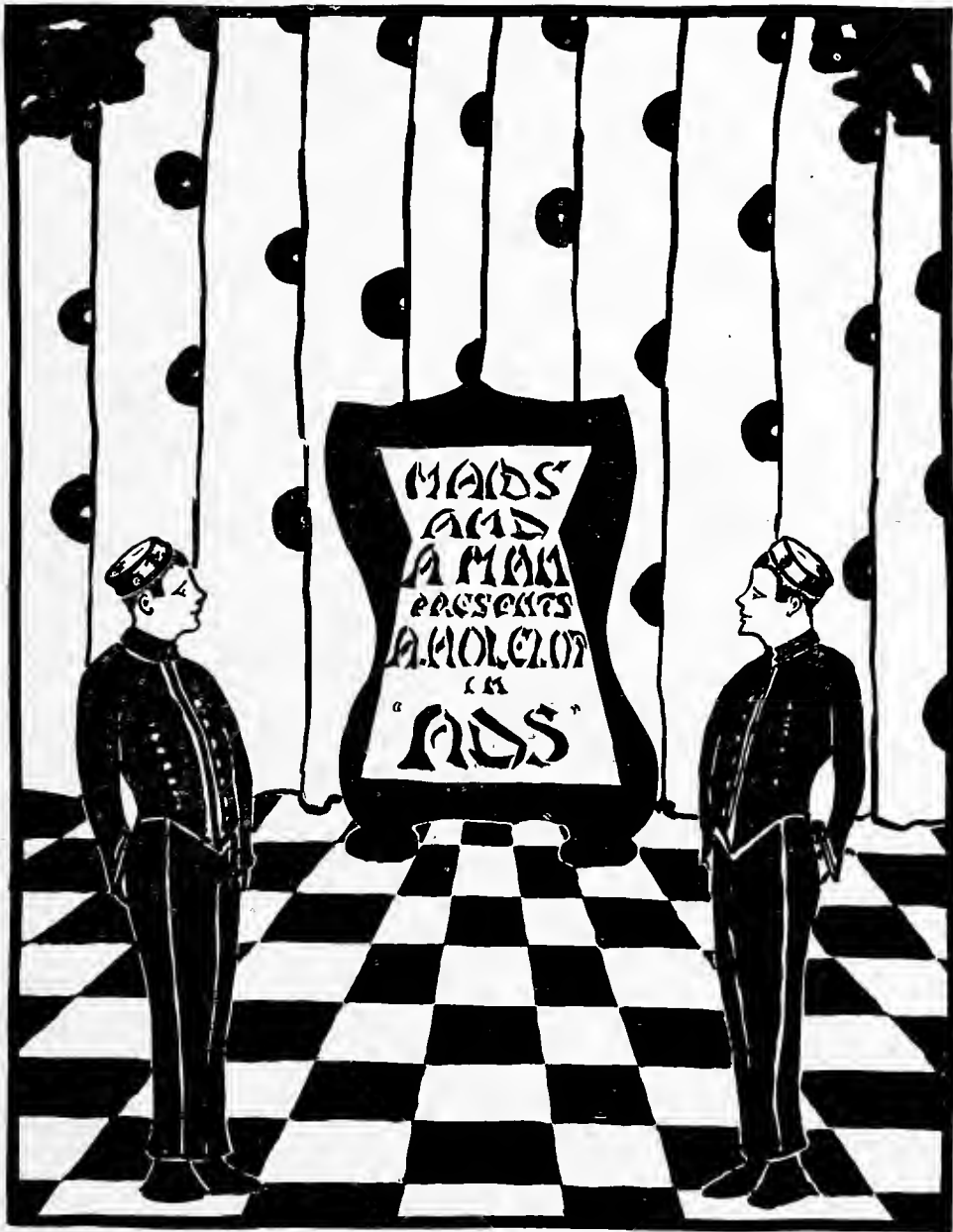
June 15th—Graduation.



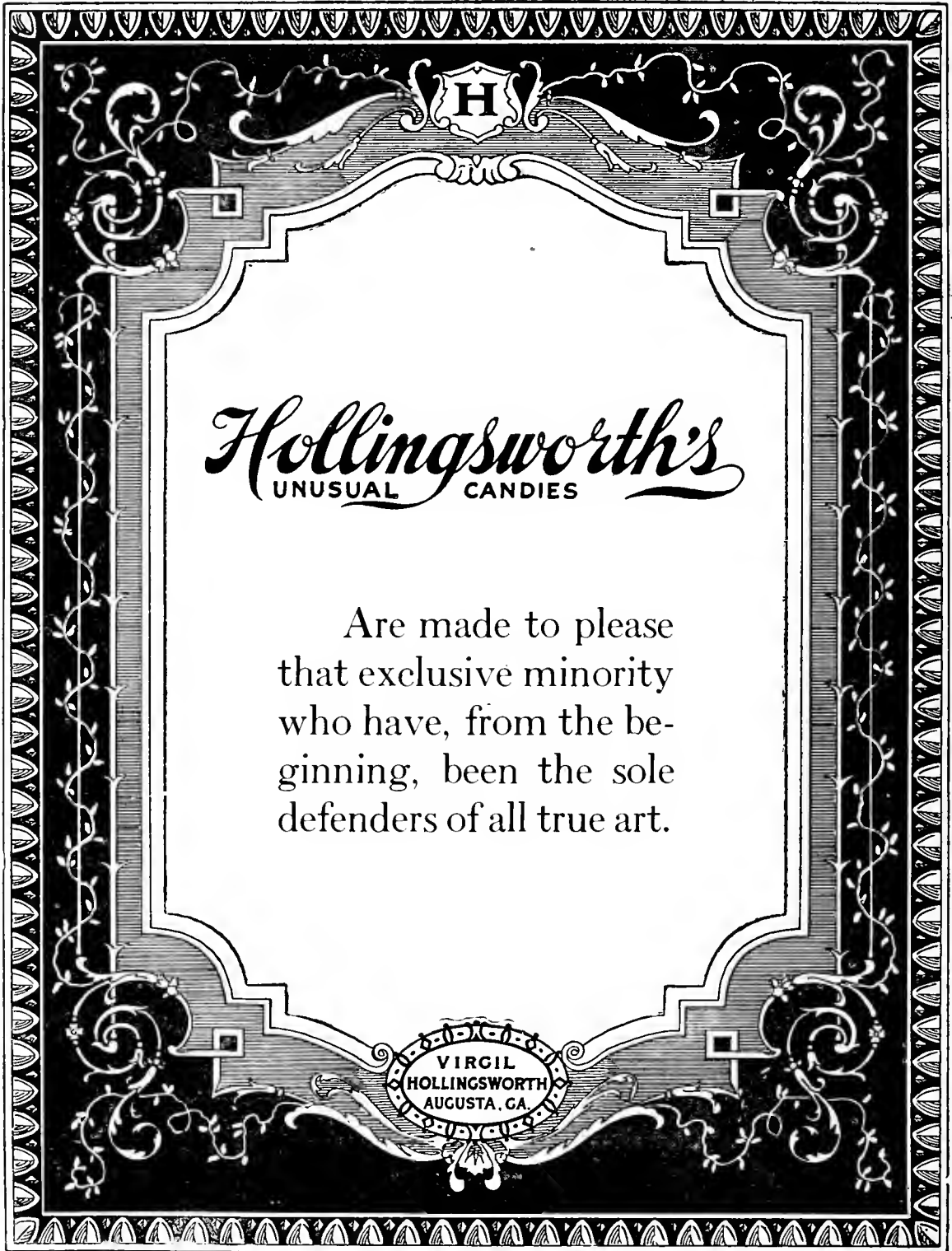
!!!EXAMS!!!

MARY PLUMB





LITMEYER.



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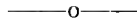
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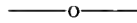
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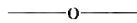


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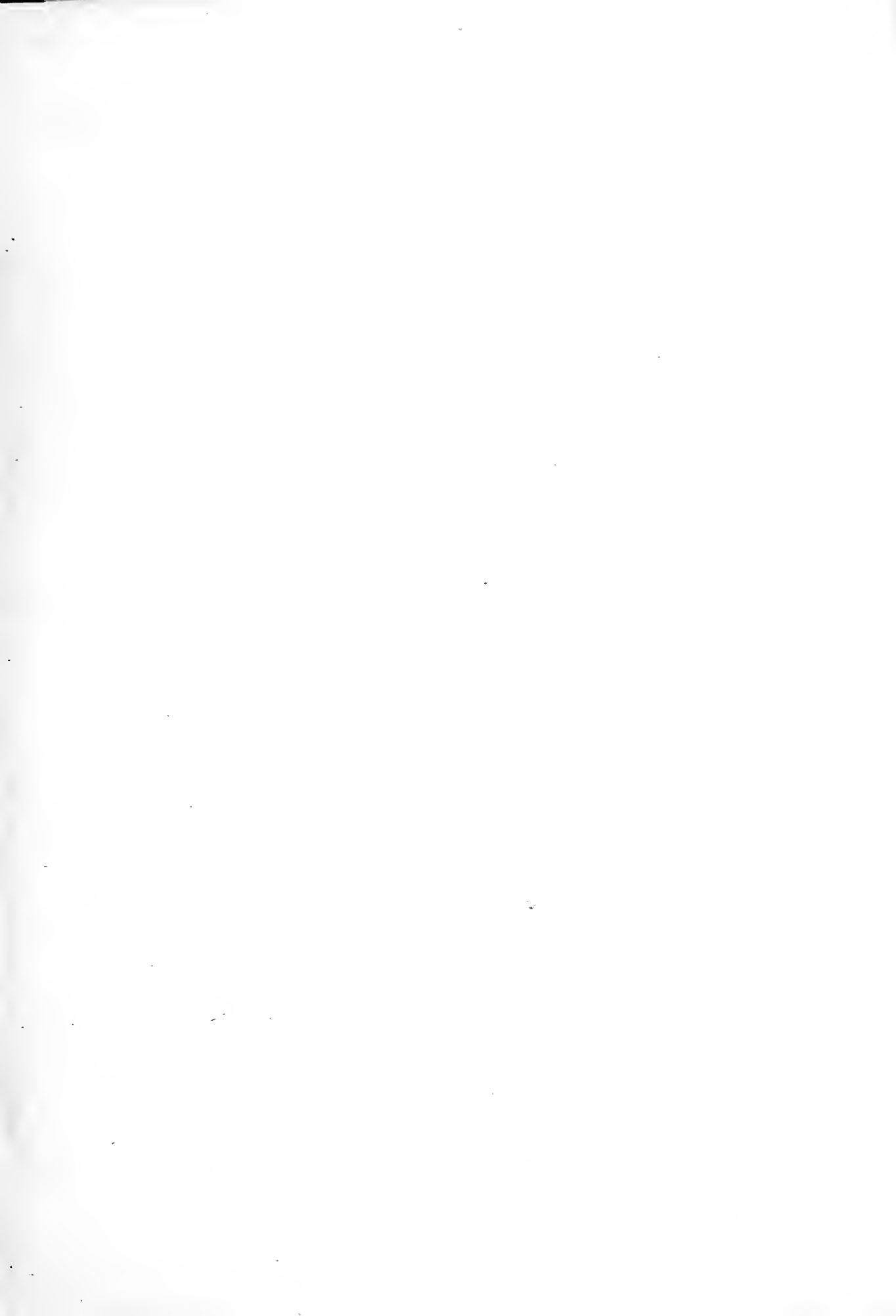
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